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NAVAL SKETCH BOOK;

OR, THE

SERVICE

AFLOAT AND ASHORE;

WITH

CHARACTERISTIC REMINISCENCES, FRAGMENT AND OPINIONS.

4783:
a

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TALES OF A TAR."

SECOND SERIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ERRATUM.

Page 49, line 7, *for* seamen have, *read* seaman has.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.

" Set good against evil."

OLD PROVERB.

" To do a great right, do a little wrong."

SHAKSPEARE.

" Necessitas non habet legem."

LAW MAXIM.

" There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS Nautical farce, with its usual concomitants of clap-trap sentiments, to relieve the dulness of the dialogue, has again been performed at *St. Stephens*. According to custom, the principal 'parts' were enacted by *landsmen;* for in the

'cast of characters' the names of three *seamen* alone are to be found.

But to be serious.—Will it be believed, that in the discussion of a question involving consequences of such vital importance to this great maritime nation, *three* only of the numerous *Naval* officers returned in the present parliament ventured to open their lips upon the subject?

To remark upon the discrepancies in the arguments of each professional speaker is not our present purpose.—These are *ticklish* times —the privileges of a Reformed Parliament *must* be respected.—With due deference, however, to the authority of one naval senator, we must be permitted to observe, that the practical illustrations 'imprest' in support of his position, plainly evinced that the gallant officer was indeed in his proper element, since no man could be more 'at *sea*' upon the subject.—Far be it from us to imagine that any other motives than those of honour and humanity governed the individual views and votes of professional mem-

bers upon so serious a topic. Nor do we insinuate that visionary theories are advocated from party purpose, or from any undue desire to join chorus in the popular clamour.—Had the speakers who opposed Mr. Buckingham's motion made the most of their subject, our pen would have lain idle as far as regards the matter in dispute; but, as it appears to us that their arguments were not pushed home, we shall have a word or two ourselves to say, and shall call to our aid some valuable remarks, at present lost in the obscurity of their form of publication [1].

The fact is, the question has never yet been coolly and dispassionately discussed;—it has

[1] "*Essay on the Legality of Impressment of Seamen,*" by Charles Butler, F.S.A.

"*Impressment fully considered, with a View to its Gradual Abolition,*" by Captain Anselm John Griffiths, R.N.

"*Impressment New Modelled; or, an Antidote to Desertion,*" by Lieut. Robert Otway, R.N.

We regret that we could not procure the work of Captain Marryatt on this subject, or we should have been glad to avail ourselves of the remarks of that intelligent and powerful writer.

always been left to political ranters.—How officers can sit in silence, and tolerate the aspersions cast upon the naval service, is wholly unaccountable.

And here it may be asked why professional opinions should not be collected upon this most serious subject, and committees appointed to make 'reports' in illustration of the matter,—a precaution frequently adopted in legislating on municipal and other measures.

Is it to be supposed that every upstart, who may manage by mob influence to be poked into parliament, and who, if he can only stammer out 'infraction of the liberty of the subject,' and such like radical cant, can be competent to discuss a theme which, to examine in all its bearings, would require the longest professional life?—What knows Mister Apothecary P., or Mister Sausage-maker C. of the means best suited to prepare an armament, or fit a fleet in the event of a sudden rupture with a foreign power?—Yet were these sapient senators in their

proper place, that is to say, anywhere out of parliament, they might be 'drawn for' in the militia;—but in this, forsooth, there is nothing *illiberal*—nothing unconstitutional.

It would be superfluous to reiterate the triumphant arguments so often adduced touching the silence of seamen themselves upon this unavoidable grievance.—The Hon. Member for Sheffield attempted to account for this silence, and stated, that it would be preposterous to expect that men-of-wars-men, under the immediate controul of their officers, should dare to prefer a petition against impressment.—Here we have assertion substituted for fact.—How did it happen that during the mutiny of 1797, when the officers were under the control of the men, impressment was never even alluded to in the list of their grievances?—The Hon. Member has lately taken a few sea-side excursions, and no man, it is said, has more ardently devoted his time and talents to the attainment of the abolition of impressment; but, notwithstanding the industry of his endea-

vours, few are the petitions that have been presented to Parliament.

Several half-Whig-half-Tory would-be *popular* senators have attempted to qualify their votes by the common-place cant of 'deploring the existing evil,' without ever once throwing out a suggestion by way of remedy.—But how should they?—How could any doctor cure a disease of the nature of which he was totally ignorant?—Had the question been discussed by unprejudiced and competent authorities, much of good might have been elicited; but, alas! it has only been made a cat's-paw for political partizans.—We repeat, the question has never been fairly mooted, nor fairly met.

One gentleman had the hardihood to assert in his place, that upon the recent (we are at a loss for a designation) Dutch diplomatic *difference*, a vessel had been sent to Liverpool to *receive* impressed men—implying that seamen had been purposely impressed preparatory to commencing hostilities with Holland.—Fortunately, the

First Lord of the Admiralty was enabled to give to this gross and unfounded assertion the 'plump negative.'—But so it is with these *soi-disants* philanthropists, their arguments must always fall to the ground, because in nine cases out of ten they are unsupported by facts[1].—Nor can the press promulgate its periodical 'rumours of war,' without, by way of confirmatory *fact*, despatching 'press-warrants' to the magistrates of the different sea-ports of the United Kingdom.

[1] "Mr. Hume," says the author of a pamphlet entitled "*Popularity of the Royal Naval Service*," "with a rashness ill suited to the meridian of Aberdeen, ventured to bring forward a specific charge of cruelty with no other precaution than the assumed fact of its having occurred twenty years before; and unfortunately for himself was so explicit that Sir George Cockburn, whose character was attacked, found no great difficulty in tracing out the case; when the result was, as every one acquainted with the parliamentary debates well knows, this vaunted sample of numerous other *equally well* authenticated charges in store, turned out to be so barefaced a falsehood, that the honourable member for Aberdeen a few days afterwards had to submit to such a degree of mortification, as is comprised in the admission of a man of *deep research*, that he has been most grossly duped."

The evil attendant upon the hue-and-cry of this political bugbear is of more magnitude and more fatal as regards the ultimate abolition of impressment than either the real Reformer or Radical ranter may imagine.—Young and inexperienced seamen, who are taught by the latter to shun a king's-ship as a pestilential slaver, immediately take panic, and, expatriating themselves, are eventually compelled (when too late to relent) to enlist in the service of other maritime nations.—What then does this unpopular cry produce?—a paucity of seamen—the greater necessity for search—and eventually an aggravation of the evil in the shape of a '*hot*-press.'

Certain senators, in their desire, as *Jack* terms it, of 'courting *cockularity*,' have, with extreme precision, enumerated the various desertions that occurred during the late war.—And yet there was not to be found in the House of Commons a Naval individual to put this simple question—'Do no *desertions* take place in *peace?*—And, in proportion to the relative number of vessels

in commission, have they not exceeded those of the war?—This fact could have been proved by the production of the 'ships' books' during both periods of service.—The intelligent reader is aware that these desertions cannot arise from impressment; for he well knows, despite of the *authority* of Messrs. H. B. B. and Co., that no impressment can possibly occur in periods of *peace*.—How then are we to account for these desertions?—Of course, to employ the language of 'Jack,' it must be ascribed to '*bad usage*;' but if we fairly and fully investigate the matter, it will be found that the 'bad usage' is mutual—not that Jack always intends to behave scurvily—but he is too frequently provoked to do so, by breaches of official faith.—On this point we shall presently touch.

The right of the Crown to retain the *power* of impressment is conceded by every rational authority. The most unanswerable advocate in favour of the royal right is Mister *Charles Butler*, a gentleman 'learned in the law.'—Whether the

"*Essay on the Legality of Impressing Seamen*" be the production of the late civic Liberal we are yet uninformed; but we can safely assert that the political opinions of the author of 1778 and the orator of 1832 are very widely opposed.

"The reader may observe, says Mr. B——, that I assert the practice of impressing to be both legal and constitutional. By legal, I mean that it has the sanction of law; by constitutional, that it is congenial with the spirit of the constitution. I apprehend it is possible to be the one, without being the other. The legislative power may chance to pass a law, which experience may afterwards show to have been repugnant to the genius of the constitution. So the genius of the constitution may require some additional institution to be passed into law, or some established institution to be abrogated, without attracting the attention or assistance of the legislature. I wish to impress the reader with this observation, because I think much of the perplexity which is generally found in the discussion of political

questions might be avoided, by attending to it. Thus, when we shall endeavour to prove that it is legal, it will be by no means a proper answer to assert, that it is unconstitutional. In the same manner, I think it no answer to the assertion of its being unconstitutional, to produce one positive law in its behalf.—They are therefore separate articles: but the examining either of them reflects light upon the other.

I shall begin by proving the practice in question to be constitutional.

Pressing, or, in other words, obliging persons to serve the public contrary to their will, appears throughout our constitution in a variety of forms. It is impossible to point the time when it did not exist. It is the nature of all government, that some of its offices should be the objects of the ambition, others the objects of the dislike, of the individuals governed. To some of them is annexed whatever attracts the wishes of the human heart; to others, expence, labour, and danger are inseparably joined. The

latter are not less necessary to the existence of government than the former. But as individuals seldom possess the etherial spirit of patriotism in a sufficient degree to make them seek, by their own choice, the latter objects, it is absolutely necessary that Government should have recourse to compulsory methods. What was originally the election of members to serve in parliament, but impressing such persons as were deemed qualified by fortune and abilities to perform the public business[1]? For doing this duty they received a stated stipend; against it they had no negative. Where would our constitution have been if, in those days, the language which now is used by the adversaries of the press, had been used by the wealthy commoners, and met with its desired effect? What is at present the obligation to serve the office of a sheriff, but being

[1] "'Their attendance was, for a long time, deemed a burthen both to themselves and their constituents.'—Ruffhead's Preface to his edition of the Stat. p. xii. See Prynne's Animadversion on the 4th Inst. p. 32. Maddox's MSS. in the British Museum, No. 13. Title *Parl.*"

pressed to a service of fatigue, expence, and even of danger? To persons of inferior rank, are not the serving the office of a juryman, a churchwarden, a constable, or any other parish office, all different species of pressing, all of inconvenience, some of danger to the parties? Yet society could not exist without such service. And has not the sheriff a right, on certain occasions, to raise the *posse comitatus?* And what is this right, but a right to press every male in his county above fifteen years of age (peers excepted), who are obliged to attend under pain of fine and imprisonment? And has not the Militia Act made every man liable to serve as a soldier, and, at times, subject to the articles of war?

I must here beg leave to introduce a reflection.—Of all the different persons forced into the service of the public, the seaman is, perhaps, the least injured. Those who hear nothing of pressing but what is told them in the declamations of its adversaries, will not be a little sur-

prised at this assertion. They think every impressed seaman the most miserable object in human nature, and that the wrath of heaven and earth is at once deluged upon him."

We might crowd our pages with citations out of this work, from the first authorities, in support of the legality of impressment.—The point however, at issue, appears less to embrace the abstract question of *legality*, than the due consideration of the 'political expediency' of abrogating the right so long possessed by the crown.

The next authority in favour of the existing power, is from a recently published pamphlet, "*taken from* the *private memoranda of a* NAVAL OFFICER."

The succinct and energetic style of this anonymous writer is peculiarly striking.—We have no 'special pleading'—no circumlocution—He at once comes to the point, and with a manly mind, powerfully grapples with his subject.

"No one can attempt," says the author, "to defend impressment upon any ground but that of

state *necessity;* or, in other words, national *safety*, and it is because of the utter *impossibility* of accomplishing the same object by other means, that

> We have learnt to endure
> The ills we cannot cure."

On this ground, of state necessity, the power of impressment has been advocated and justified by our greatest constitutional writers; and men, let it be remembered, remarkable as the uncompromising assertors of popular rights.

Impressment may be said to be an excrescence on the fair and admired system of our civil liberty, showing itself when the pestilence and peril of war threatens our existence; but when the pestilence and the danger ceases, the blemish vanishes, and never again appears until a return of the same calamity. A desperate disease is often more promptly and effectually cured by a severe remedy, than by trifling and indecisive measures; and nations, like men, may languish, and at length expire, for want of bolder treat-

ment; a fact which I venture to advance as strictly in *point* with reference to the *power of impressment;* for, say what they will of its character, it is *essential* to the preservation of this country in the event of war.

If this kingdom be invaded, the king may *command* the *services* of every man in the empire capable of bearing arms; and why should he not have the same power to compel the services of the seamen, when their element (the ocean) is invaded? always bearing in mind this important *limitation* to the power of impressment—that it is confined to those whose *occupations* and *callings* are upon the waters.

If impressment be discontinued, let people be prepared for the alternative; as it is clear, that if the seamen are not brought together *instantly* on the burst of war, there is nothing to prevent *invasion;* and, in that case, the whole nation may be obliged to break off from the industrious pursuits in which, hitherto, they have been engaged without inconvenient interruption

throughout the wars; scarcely knowing that war existed, but by the exploits of their countrymen; or by taxation, as some will say, which, however irksome, must be regarded as the price of our national safety.

It is, however, more the name of impressment than the nature of it, that gives the sting; for what is it but compulsory service, under another name, by which the militia is formed by ballot? the man so raised *must serve*, or at his own cost find a substitute.

If it be asked, *Why not* give the seaman the same chance, and allow him to find a substitute, the answer is plain: any man may be a substitute for a militia man, as a soldier requires but short training; not so a seaman—he is a *scarce* sort of person, who must serve *six or seven years'* apprenticeship before he is entitled to be considered as a seaman; it is therefore impossible to find a substitute, for in war *(the only time recourse is had to impressment) every* seaman in the country is required, either for the king's or mer-

chant service. The man who is impressed into the navy, may be said to have an advantage over the militia man, inasmuch as he has the option, after impressment, of declaring himself a volunteer, and thereby becoming entitled to the usual *bounty* of five pounds to an able seaman.

A certain well-known baronet, to whom I impute no unworthy motives, but whose judgment is often pushed aside by the intemperance of his zeal in discussing popular questions, has asserted more than once, that a *registry* of seamen, with a sort of pay of two or three pounds a year to each (say *sixty thousand a year*) would afford a means of manning a fleet upon any emergency; and that under such a system, the odious power of impressment might be abolished. Now, if the honourable baronet would but give fair play to his own intelligent mind, and not yield so readily to wild and delusive dreams of liberty, he would at once see that such a scheme is utterly impracticable; and that it is not within the compass of *human contrivance* for *this nation*

to form any plan, whereby the same end can be obtained by other means; it is a thing so *absolutely beyond our reach*, as to leave no choice between the continuance of this *power*, or at once to strike our colours, and truckle to the comparatively pigmy strength of other naval nations. What! a registry of seamen! of men whose pursuits necessarily scatter them over the globe! Is it possible that any one can propose to rely upon *registered* sailors as a means of bringing the fleet into activity, when suddenly a war may require the *instant* protection of our wide-spread colonies and commerce? What would be said by this colonial and commercial nation, if, upon the commencement of war, the efforts of the country were to be paralyzed, and its property at the mercy of an enemy, because of such false notions of mercy towards our seamen? If parliament should ever be so mad in its legislation, as to rely upon a system of registry, my unfeigned hope is, that it will go one step farther, and order

the fleet to be burnt; for it will then be an useless incumbrance.

It was impressment that prevented war in the Dutch armament of 1787, from the quickness with which the ships were brought forward —it was impressment that prevented war in 1790 —it was impressment that prevented war in the Russian armament in 1791; and if our suicidal hands do not bring us to self-destruction, we may again have proof, not only of its efficacy, but of its necessity.

If, then, impressment be a trespass upon the liberties of the people, is it no compensation for such a trespass, that it affords the means of instant protection to our distant possessions, and to the commerce of the country, spread over the seas in every quarter of the globe?

Is it no compensation for such trespass, to know, that in the armament of 1790, and upon other occasions, it enabled England to assume an attitude which compelled the powers of the

continent to sheath the sword; and thus to save an expenditure of *millions* of money? Will the *economists in the House of Commons think the abolition of impressment advantageous, when such a result attends its practice?*

Is it no compensation for such trespass on the liberty of the subject, if trespass it be, that, on the occasions alluded to, *thousands* of lives were saved by the prevention of war? Will the *philanthropists in the House of Commons think the extinction of this power desirable with the certainty of such a sacrifice of human life, and infliction of private calamity?*"

After pursuing his arguments with forcible effect, he thus concludes:—

"Let us *retain* the *power*, but *discontinue* the *practice* by every *possible means.*"

To these sentiments, we in common with the 'Service,' heartily respond; and, whilst we strongly advocate the indispensible necessity of retaining the regal power of impressment, we are not insensible that human nature revolts at

compulsory service.—On the other hand, however our feelings may plead in favour of *liberty*, and prejudice us against every forcible argument offered in support of 'impressment,' yet their influence immediately abates when one single question be asked.

How would you otherwise *man* your *fleet?*" If men will not come voluntarily forward—what are you to do?—The mock-philanthropists, and the pseudo-economists[1], who denounce as despotic, tyrannic, and cruel, the principle of impressment, are the very first in their petty-fog-

[1] " H——," says the *Liverpool Standard*, " is incessantly wrangling about odd sixpences or farthings—about candle-ends and cheese parings—about waste-paper, cat's-meat—coal-dust, and every thing that is narrow, mean, dirty, and shabby. He is eternally moving for returns, and putting the country to an enormous expense in printing. All this, however, is *sham* work; for when did we ever see honest Joseph oppose ministers when they were in jeopardy? or when any *real* saving to the country was to be effected? He voted in *favour* of the Russo-Dutch loan, and he voted in favour of the grant to King Otho; so that on these two votes he assisted ministers in sending seven millions of money *out* of the *country*."

ging penury to draw the strings of the public purse, and to deprive the crown of the popular means of raising recruits.—Liberality of sentiment is of little worth without liberality of pocket.—The old woman's proverb should not be forgotten—

"Handsome is as handsome does."

What says an able professional authority, a writer who, perhaps, has taken a more comprehensive and philosophic view of the subject than any other man in his Majesty's dominions?—What says Captain Griffiths?

"Nations are as dependent on character as individuals. When war breaks forth, the seamen would avoid the impress, if a *prior* offer of bounty for volunteers were made; to ensure therefore the obtaining the men, this offer is *preceded* by impress. No choice is given them, no time for consideration, or to arrange their little affairs, consult their families, &c. &c., and State necessity is urged as the plea. Until a better order of things can be gradually accom-

plished, till confidence can be restored; as men *must* be had, we grant the necessity. The impress takes place, and the men are obtained; there the *necessity* ends. Then let justice, let equity, follow. 'We took you without any previous offer of inducement to volunteer, because your services were instantly indispensable, but you shall have the bounty; the necessity we plead, shall not add to your forced services, the loss of that douceur you would otherwise have received.' This the soldier and marine invariably obtain. We are fully aware, that after men are impressed they are usually offered to volunteer, and such as do so, are given the bounty. But the demand on them to make their election is so short, they can scarcely be said to have a deliberate choice; and taking into consideration this *sort of compulsory volunteering* (if we may be allowed the term), it is little surprising men should hesitate. They may have a hope of getting discharged, of being allowed to find two substitutes (the usual tax), or many

other personal reasons for doubt: and the moment they have once been mustered by the clerk of the check, or are transferred to another ship; the latter of which is very speedily done at the first breaking out of the impress, choice is at an end. Surely some reasonable time should be granted for deliberation; say a month; the injustice of the want of some such arrangement is manifest, from the circumstance that the *first* impress is *followed* by the proclamation offering bounty, so that all others have a choice, and *some* little time for deliberation.

"In entering men for his Majesty's navy at this moment, no *positive* engagement is made with them for any definite period; but so far as the *seamen* themselves comprehend and feel, the three years' station is, to all intents and purposes, implied; and the habit of relieving and paying off the ships at such stated times, *in actual effect*, confirms this implication on the part of the Admiralty. During peace no bounty is given to seamen, while marines and soldiers do receive it."

Again says the same authority—

"It is clear to a demonstration, that impressment cannot be put an end to without cost. The independence of a nation may be said to be virtually gone, when it cannot offer sufficient inducements to secure its defence. Our national museum, our newly created picture galleries, public buildings, and various grants for such purposes, &c., are all worthy a great nation; but if we are too poor to tender to our seamen that reward which shall ensure their services to the state, without taking them *exclusively* by force, and paying for their labour a price below that which they can earn elsewhere; then, on the principle, 'be just before you are generous,' let us, if the pressure on the finances of the state require it, forego the vanities we cannot afford. This however is in no degree the case. The nation has abundant means of being just."

"On what principle can we hesitate to pay to the seamen, as well as the soldier, the price of his exertions and devotion in defence of our

independence as a nation, our personal liberties, and our property? We cannot impress for the army, we must have soldiers, and we come into the market, give a fair and liberal price, and procure them. If, because of a law of custom of other days and other circumstances, we are enabled to seize upon the seamen whether they will or no; and possessing this power, we hesitate on the expense which would be incurred, the question resolves as we have said, into the simple compass of the pounds and pence; of the many spared, by the sacrifice of the liberties of the few; the twenty million against the hundred thousand."

And again, as Lieutenant Otway well observes:—

"Has not the public service, that is, the royal navy, on the contrary, felt the difficulty during this very peace, even, of procuring men? And why?—there is no impress it is true; neither are the men compelled to serve beyond three years during peace; yet seamen will not freely

come forward; and the cause is, that a miserable, or rather a miserly saving of a few pounds is allowed to assume the semblance of economy, whereas a trifling bounty, by way of pecuniary encouragement, or wherewith to enable seamen to pay off some little encumbrances, would have induced crowds of prime sailors to have dedicated themselves to the state. This I have witnessed at the rendezvous in Liverpool. Soldiers receive a bounty, and why not the far more valuable seamen? If then for the want of encouragement we experience a difficulty during peace of procuring seamen for the royal navy, what hopes can we entertain of obtaining them in the time of actual need, without the aid of the press-gang? and so long as the impress system exists, the seamen will desert our shores at the first blast of the war trumpet[1]."

But, leaving aside public penury, there will

[1] "The fear of press warrants is so great among seamen in the river, that the crews of several coasting vessels have set off *by land* for their homes."—*Globe Newspaper, Dec.* 1826.

be found, if traced to their real source, a variety of causes prejudicial to voluntary enlistment.—There are many considerations which have been too long overlooked by the higher authorities: to the statesman they may appear of little moment, but to the seaman they are of primary import.

We have already stated, that in proportion to the force employed, the desertions during peace have exceeded those of the war: and here we advert to the '*bad usage*' of man and master—of Jack below and the 'Lords aloft.'—"In peace," says Captain Griffiths, "men frequently make a man-of-war a matter of convenience, entering on board (especially during the winter) as an asylum, expressly contemplating to desert, when the call for seamen in the spring takes place.—The old adage 'give a dog an ill name' has also its effect."—Unquestionably so:—it is true that in his thoughtless transactions in private life Jack constantly enacts the ass, but why, be it asked, should he be treated as such in his public capacity? Is not the working him often

like a horse, annoyance enough?—In his own familiar phrase, 'treat him like a man!'—never break faith with him, and he is your's for ever.

It is a 'vulgar error' to imagine that sailors seldom consult their personal comforts. In this particular they are sensitively keen: nor can it be said that the seamen of the service ever indulge in unreasonable wishes [2].—They have their

[1] The following characteristic anecdote we have upon the authority of Captain Griffiths:—"Among *many* similar facts of men's feelings, we could recount, one may suffice. In a long conversation with a fine dashing seaman last July (1825) at Froom, in Ayrshire, he stated he had deserted nine times from the navy, and would do the same nine times more. 'Yet I never was ill-used in any ship.' Of the treatment he received in one ship he spoke in strong terms, and of her captain as 'a nice, good, fatherly old gentleman,' and of his regret for deserting from her, more especially as *he had been put in a boat and thus effected it;* but he added, 'yet I would desert from my own father while I was treated like a convict, and never allowed to put my foot on shore; give me leave, treat me like a man (a favourite expression with seamen), I would rather serve in a man-of-war than any vessel that swims.'"

[2] We here subjoin the fourth article of the discontented seamen, 1797—"That your Lordships will be so kind, as to look into the affair, which is no way unreasonable, and that we may be looked upon as a number of men standing in defence of our country, and that we may in somewise have granted an

'*local preferences*[1],' their favourite stations, their 'fancy ships,' and many other '*little likings*' to

opportunity to taste the sweets of liberty on shore, when in harbour, and when we have completed the duty of our ships after our return from sea: and that no man may encroach upon his liberty, there shall be a boundary limited, and their trespassing any further without a written order from the commanding officer, shall be *punished* according to the rules of the navy; which is a natural request, and congenial to the heart of man, and certainly to us, that you make the boast of being the *guardians* of the *land*."

[1] "Most ships," says Captain Griffiths, "have a port in England, which becomes, as it were, her head-quarters, around which a large portion of the wives, families, &c. of her officers and crew are usually concentrated.—Whenever the calls on the services of the ship unexpectedly take her to another port, to refit, &c., one of the two things must occur, to forego the society of these relatives, or to enjoy them, under all the attendant expences of their travelling *to and fro*, often under an *uncertainty* even of arriving in *time*; as regards the crew, to the detriment and loss of their earnings, where their wives take in washing, or pursue any of those avocations by which they assist in supporting themselves and children. * * * * To the seamen, the cost incurred by these deviations from their usual port are ruinous.—A poor man, three or four pounds behind hand, may almost be deemed in beggary.—The pure motives of humane consideration alone, the golden rule of 'doing unto others as we would they should do unto us,' must render argument unnecessary, farther to plead in behalf of a liberal attention, whenever the wants of the state can permit, to this especial matter."

which, were official consideration given, more good would arise than could be achieved by any elaborate regulations, however ingenious and severe.

Let us for a moment leave the disquisitory style, and adopt a familiar scene or two by way of illustrating our subject.

A gang of seamen, long loitering about London, are seen in search of service; they fail in every effort to procure employment. The ship-owners are at a 'stand-still'—Jack is consequently 'hard-up;' he is tired of tramping Tower-hill, and finds the *wet* docks *dry* work.—He has tried to 'weather Moses' on every tack, but Moses beats him out and out, and at length leaves him in the lurch, 'going to leeward.'—Jack is put to his last shift—he retains his shirt, but his shoes and best 'toggery' are already lodged with his *Father's brother;* to apply the old joke, it's 'two to one against' him.—He at length learns that Government are commissioning several vessels of war.—In order to have his information confirmed, he applies to the land-

lord of the '*Tower Tap.*'—Boniface, upon the authority of the 'leading journal' assures him that several 'ships fitting at Portsmouth are sadly in want of hands.'—Jack takes to his legs, and joins his companions, who all agree to 'cut their stick,' and '*pad* to Portsmouth.'—Having more of the rough than the '*ready*' to trouble them, there is little delay on the road, and they soon reach their destiny.

Proceeding to 'Common-hard' to procure a wherry, their attention is drawn to several bills of invitation placarded on the walls:—

"WANTED,

A

FEW ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN,

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP 'LOIRE.'

N.B.—A good *fiddler* and a fine *weather*-station warranted."

"That's all very fine," exclaims one of the group, "but has the ship a *name?*"

"She bears an excellent karector," returns a wily waterman.—"There's plenty o' liberty given."

"Is she fittin' for foreign?"

"For sartin:—she goes up the Straits."

"That's *you*, old boy.—Give *me* the station, where a fellow wants no more nor a straw hat and a duck-frock.—*I* doesn't want another touch o' the roomatis."

Another asks "Is there never no ship in the harbour fittin' for the home station?"

The interrogator is a married man, and, to use his own phrase, has no desire to 'leave the land.'

"O yes," replies his informant, "there's the Le-la-Lore, the Right Honourable Lord *Take-'em-all*, fitting for channel sarvus.—For a lord, he's the prettiest spoken gem'men I ever seed; he tells his steward to give me a bottle o' rum for every six men I brings aboard."

"But how do you know she *won't* go foreign?"

"Lord bless ye! my lord's in Parliment, and must remain at home to give his wote."

Another desires to join his old skipper, "A better man never spliced the main-brace.—A man was a *man* with *he*."—But he hears "the ship bears a bad *name*—heavy work, and little liberty."

Well, afloat they go,—each ascends the side of his chosen ship.—The Mediterranean tar makes his best bow.—A parley ensues between the ragged volunteer and the first lieutenant.

"I've walked all the way down from Lunnun, Sir, to jine the ship—that's if so be, Sir, she goes up the Straits—I larnes ashore she does."

The first lieutenant is not quite so '*larn'd*' afloat, and makes no reply.—Jack considers silence implies assent, and, passing medical muster, no more is said of the matter.—Jack, however, soon ascertains from his Israelite friends (a fraternity, be it observed, in sea-port towns, more

cognoscent, touching the ultimate destinies of vessels of war, than any other authority, private or public[1])—that instead of 'going up the *straits*,' the ships now at Spithead, upon the crews' receiving the customary 'two months' advance,' proceed direct for the Irish station.—The supply of slops which Moses has already prepared for pay-day, confirms the fact, and 'blows the gaff'—'Jack's alive.'—He had had enough of gusty gales, wet jackets, and rheumatic joints, and therefore, after pocketing his pitiable pittance, makes up his mind to 'bolt in the first-boat.'—Moses is again consulted[2], and,

[1] Some two years since, we took occasion to pay a friendly visit to Sir J. G——, at Plymouth. Sir J. heard we had received our sailing orders, and naturally inquired our destination. We were compelled to adopt the mysterious, having received instructions not to reveal our orders. Sir J. rang his bell—the servant entered—"John, go down to North Corner, and ask the first *Jew* you meet where the O——s is going."—We need not add that the ship's destination had been known to Moses several days.

[2] It is one of the many odd traits which make up Jack's odd character, that though his dislike of Moses exceeds all the bounds of *decorum*, it is to *him* he confides all his grievances, and by *his* advice most of his actions are governed.

on the evening of pay-day, the *volunteer* is successfully smuggled on shore,—the Jew taking good care to lighten Jack of his loose cash, lest the coin might fructify in the pocket of the tar.

Again—the *volunteer* for the Home-station, finds that instead of the 'pretty spoken' nobleman (who was never once heard to open his lips in the senate) 'remaining at *home* to give his vote'—votes it a bore to serve any where else but *abroad*.—The ship proceeds to South America, and Lord *Take-'em all*—takes every dollar he can pick up in the way of freight for his parliamentary *silence*.

Again the ship that 'bears the *bad* name—the heavy work—and little liberty bird.'—Let us examine the cause and effect of each.

For mysterious 'reasons of state,' the ship in a profound *peace*, is ordered 'to be fitted with all *possible despatch*.'—The Port-admiral, and officers of the dock-yard, have received directions to this effect.—The popular captain—the

amiable 'splicer of the main brace,' trusting to his '*main*-stay,' leaves all to 'his' first lieutenant, and proceeds to town on 'Admiralty-leave.' —The first lieutenant has been twice summoned by the Port-admiral, and has twice borne the brunt of an official '*wigging*' for the apparent dilatory progress in the ship's equipment.—It happens to be winter weather, and a particularly wet season.—The fitting of the rigging, and sundry other duties are consequently retarded. —The lieutenant attempts to explain the cause. —*Blue at the Main*[1] makes no allowance—he can't afford it.—The 'Lords aloft' are '*surprised* at the *ship's delay*.'—This, though kept a profound *secret* from the first lieutenant, is taken as intended,—an official rap over the knuckles.

The '*Flag*' opens his fire on the first lieutenant—the latter 'strikes'—returns on board soured and sulky—opens upon Jack—and comes to the determination to stop all '*leave*,' and

[1] The Port-Admiral.

'work *double* tides.'—This begets disgust—desertion follows.—The ship acquires 'a *bad name*,' and eventually the vessel ordered to be 'fitted with all *possible despatch*,' remains *man*-bound, detained in port, for want of hands to proceed to sea.

The foregoing examples, although hypothetically offered, are, nevertheless, founded on fact.

It is a melancholy truth that however kind the intention, or considerate the motive of the authorities, seamen have an inconquerable propensity to view them with suspicion; and, therefore, it is that the *necessity* must be made manifest, the expediency striking, to reconcile the man-of-war's-man to any act that at all borders on a breach of official faith.—Though he knows little of the principles of moral or political philosophy, he knows with Paley that

'When the promise is understood by the promisee to proceed upon a certain supposition, or when the promiser apprehended it to be so un-

derstood, and that the supposition turns out to be *false;* then the promise is not binding.'

"The first step necessary," says the author of 'Impressment fully Considered,' "is to renovate that confidence which has been completely destroyed. To evince to the seaman, and in a way which they cannot misunderstand, that the government are in *earnest*, in their desire to do them justice; to make the King's service such as should change the disinclination to join it, into a preference for it."

Again—"Forget for once the power of impressment, and in the general admission of the infinitely superior benefits to be derived from manning our fleets with volunteers, let all the arrangements and actions show a desire to promote this end."

But these desirable ends are defeated by practices of an opposite tendency. Where can be the pressing necessity, during a period of profound peace, to harass in harbour the seamen of the service, or to refuse to the man-of-war's-

man on returning into port, that rest and recreation which, to use his own emphatic phrase, is so "congenial to the heart of man?"—We fearlessly assert (as we have already said in another place) that were a proper and well-matured system[1] but once established, ships would be fitted with greater facility than has ever hitherto been effected in the service.—We maintain (and are borne out by the first professional authorities)—that sea-going ships should be totally exempt from 'dock-yard,' and particularly *port*-duties. —Were this the case, with vessels so circumstanced, their return into port would be hailed with pleasure, by their respective crews, whilst, according to the existing system, 'harbour duty' becomes, positively, more harassing and annoying to seamen, when in King's ports, than even their arduous duties, when cruizing at sea.—Our own experience has afforded too many op-

[1] By a reference to the work of Captain Griffiths, it will be seen that this officer has proposed a system which must be approved of by all professional men.

portunities of witnessing, when employed in fitting out at Spithead, the disheartening scene of a launch full of men, pulling against a lee-tide for hours together on a stretch; and at length compelled to give up the 'tug,' and return, wet, cold, and comfortless, to their ship, without having performed the service for which, as it is technically termed, they were specially '*despatched.*' —All this waste of toil and time, may be fairly attributable, in the first instance, to want of precaution and forethought, in choosing the time judiciously for sending the boats on shore. But this cannot always be attended to—for dock-yard duty must be done in dock-yard hours;—and the party must leave the ship betimes, whether the tide is contrary or otherwise.—This, too, is often labour lost; and instead of its being any economy of time or expense (which would appear to be the object in view) the party 'despatched,' might have been profitably occupied on board; and the duty effectually performed by the convicts on shore. Indeed, in all cases, the

convicts appear to be the persons best adapted for shore duty; both because they are at hand on the spot, and because it is desirable that the crews of ships, just *returned* from hard service, should not be subject, unnecessarily, to the unavoidable drudgery of this particular duty.—Moreover, the convicts[1] are clothed by the country, whilst seamen have to pay out of their own pockets for the jackets and trowsers they destroy in the execution of this unduly imposed work.

How often does it happen that a ship running in from stress of weather, has scarcely taken up her 'berth,' before the signal is made to '*take the guard*,' whilst the boats of the '*guard-ship*'

[1] It would appear that the overseers of these disciples of Turpin, Barrington, and company, were more solicitous to promote the health and longevity of this respectable community, than higher authorities were to add to the popularity of the service, or to study the comforts of our seamen.—Should a slight shower of rain even *threaten* to fall upon the hallowed heads of these colonial candidates, they are instantly called in under shelter; whilst poor Jack, ashore or afloat, is condemned to work in all weathers.

(a misnomer by the by), are not unfrequently employed pulling ladies about the harbour on parties of pleasure—to say nothing of the hurry-worry system of *pushing* returned ships out of port.

During the administration of the Lord High Admiral, to whose zealous and princely patriotism the navy is infinitely indebted, a laudable anxiety had been evinced to increase the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of the seamen of the 'service;'—but the evils above alluded to still exist—in corroboration of which we here adduce a recent case which immediately came under our own cognizance.

For a period of twelve months, His Majesty's ship, Orestes, was employed in the river Douro. —She was placed in a peculiarly *novel*, onerous, and difficult position,—and the crew subject to the most harassing, *thankless*, and dangerous duties.—With the exception of the captain's coxswain, not a single seaman or marine, during this unprecedented period of *port* privation was per-

mitted to land. Under circumstances of sickness and siege—cholera in the city, and a constant cross-fire, *recreation* on shore was not to be expected, nor on any occasion was 'leave' solicited or sought.

The high state of discipline, and orderly conduct of the respective crews, composing the British squadron[1], were at once the admiration and astonishment of both Belligerents.—Neither of the '*Rebels*,' for such was the official designation of each, could understand, how men within a few fathoms from the shore could remain aboard 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,' in their annoyingly *neutral* position, or be prevented at night swimming from their respective ships, to enjoy the change and comforts of land[2]?

The orderly conduct of the seamen and marines of the squadron in the Douro, drew forth, on two occasions, the public approbation of the Rear Admiral commanding in the Tagus.—The

[1] H. M. Ship *Orestes—Nautilus—Etna—Echo.*

[2] The south side was perfectly free from sickness.

Admiral's approval of their exemplary conduct, was officially communicated by the different commanders to their respective crews.

At the expiration of this period, the Orestes was ordered to England, but the marines were *rewarded* by being drafted individually into other vessels, when at the same time a battalion of that corps were embarked on board of the British squadron in the Tagus. Had these men been sent as part of a company to join the said battalion, or to increase that force for any specific purpose, the hardship of the case would not have been particularly felt—one was sent into a ten-gun brig here—another into a sloop there—four into a frigate cruizing off the bar—five into a line-of-battle ship at Lisbon; and in this way, comrades were separated, who had heartily indulged the hope of returning home when the ship was ordered to refit.

It may be said that this does not bear upon the subject, because the *marines*, as the *Edinburgh* Review would say, are not *impressed* sea-

men.—Neither are the seamen of the service impressed in peace.—But in this way it does bear upon the subject, that the manual labour falls nearly double upon the 'blue jackets.'—Deprive a vessel of war of her marines, and you considerably weaken her physical force.—Moreover the seamen have had a precedent established, that a part of a crew can be removed [1], at the pleasure of the commander-in-chief, and only congratulates himself that it fell upon the soldier instead of the sailor.—We have been thirty-four years in H. M. service, and we never knew of any instance that caused such universal discontent. The sailors sympathizing with the fate of the marines, naturally enough said among themselves,—"Them there letters of *thanks* were all *gammon*—so for *good* behaviour, a fellow's rewarded with *bad* treatment."

[1] "Discharging men," says Captain Griffiths, "from ships which are quitting foreign stations to return home, into those which are still to *remain* out; and the indiscriminate way in which ships' companies were sometimes turned over, or distributed to other ships, occasioned considerable disgust."

Upon the arrival of the Orestes at Spithead, orders were sent down to refit the ship as-soon as possible.—After the harassing duties and privations of that ship's company, it might have been expected that some little indulgence in the way of 'long leave,' might have been allowed. —One half of the ship's company were married, and asked and expected to be paid off.—The hurry to refit created general discontent.—The consequence was, many wrote for their discharge, which the Admiralty refused—doubtless, properly, and the ship eventually went to sea, minus some of her petty officers, and best hands.—Though some of these men had served more than two-thirds of the time which entitled them to a pension, they were impelled to forego this advantage, out of sheer disgust.

"In adverting to the causes of dissatisfaction," we may say with Captain Griffiths, "we feel fully aware we are treading on ground which requires caution, and are perfectly satisfied, to whatever extent we may practise it, the charge

of mischief will, nevertheless, be ascribed to us.—Where evils exist, the dread of such accusations must either be faced and submitted to, or this argument alone must stop *every* inquiry."

We understand that the Government has it in contemplation to introduce a system of *Enrolment* or *Registry* of seamen.

"Much," says the author of 'Impressment fully Considered,' "has been written and many plans have been suggested to obviate impressment by a general enrolment of seamen and others subject thereto. It has more than once engaged the serious attention of the legislature and the government; and during the administration of the truest friend the navy ever had, the late Lord Melville, his lordship was anxious to adopt it; but on investigation he found it impracticable to any beneficial purpose, yet did not relinquish it without much regret."

The pamphlet of Lieutenant Otway contains a matured plan of a '*Registry*.'—We know not

whether this scheme has been adopted at head-quarters;—but we predict that no plan of registry will be easy of execution.

"In proposing an act for the *registry* of seamen, I am aware," says Lieutenant Otway, "that I shall, in all probability, have to contend against a host of dissentients; although the objections are solely *ideal*, and serve only the purposes of argumentative discussion."—Would that we could accord in the opinions of this intelligent officer.—"My main object," observes the lieutenant, "has been to induce a system of *voluntary* service, which, if attainable, must prove the most efficacious means of obtaining prime seamen; and unquestionably the most speedy mode of procuring the requisite supplies. To effect which, I have ventured to propose privileges in favour of volunteers, to which none others, whether quota or impressed men, can attain, so long as they shall continue to withhold voluntary service. The advantages are such as

I doubt not will effectually bring forward volunteers sufficient for the whole navy.

My next aim has been to establish a ballot for the services (for the limited period of seven years) of such seamen as may still continue averse to a voluntary proffer of servitude; by which scheme I purpose to show that a yearly contingent of about 18,000 able seamen will be obtainable for the service of the royal navy without injury to the merchant service, independent of volunteers, independent of landsmen, and independent of boys. This number far exceeds the demand at any period during the extreme height of the last war; for in the year 1810, a period I have selected as having an additional increase of men voted by parliament, the number did not exceed 13,000. Moreover our military navy will thus be manned entirely with seamen *British-born*, without any aid from foreigners.

Thirdly, 'Impressment' is retained for the obvious purpose of guarding against failure; as a precautionary measure in cases of emergency;

and for the paramount purpose of 'preventing desertion,' whether from the ships of his Majesty, or those of the merchant."

Here Lieutenant Otway himself admits that it is necessary to retain the *power* of impressment, in case expectations of voluntary service should fail. This admission will act as one of our strongest arguments, though, among the remarks of this writer will be found much that cannot fail to be advantageous to our civil marine [1].

[1] "And yet," asserts Mr. Thomas Urquhart, whose attention has been long devoted to the subject, "naval-bred officers, through the want of proper experience, and from the abuses inseparable from uncontrolled command, are very incompetent to form a plan, for raising and managing mercantile seamen, who can never divest themselves of a sense of their rights as free-born subjects, which is constantly wounded by the arbitrary nature of the discipline established in our navy. My plan is, to do away with the necessity of this arbitrary treatment. To raise seamen, and to form their minds to volunteer their services into the navy, which can only be done by blending the two services to a certain extent together; as seamen have, of all other men, the strongest prepossessions where their profession is concerned, they never will cheerfully submit to be commanded by men who are not seamen like themselves.

A naval-bred officer, according to the present training,

Still we cannot see what general good is to result from the system of *Registry*.—One might as well attempt to 'book' the *Swallows* as to register Seamen—both are *birds* of passage.—No, no, this panacea will never do.

cannot possibly acquire the proper knowledge of commanding merchant seamen; his only resource is the strong arm of power, which disgusts and alienates the minds of men trained as the former are. This proves the indispensable necessity of commencing a total renovation of our naval system, which can only be done effectually, by bringing the subject before the Legislature, where the merits of the question can be fully discussed in a committee, who could examine intelligent and experienced men from both services, naval and mercantile. It is only by an inquiry of this nature, that the subject can be completely canvassed and understood; and I feel persuaded, from my own knowledge and experience, that the improvements I suggest, may be rendered of much easier execution than is generally imagined. When did *merchant seamen* hesitate to volunteer their services to fight the battles of their country when the public service required it?"

The simple answer to Mr. Urquhart is, if the *seamen of the civil service* have never *refused to fight the battles* of their *country*, where has been the *necessity* so long to have recourse *to impressment?*—And as to *naval*-bred officers not being competent to command merchant seamen, we have only to ask, how is it captains of ships of war are so often solicited by masters of merchant vessels to 'put their *refractory* crews *to rights?*' In this particular we ourselves had recently in the river Douro, a little practical experience.

The nation is placed between the horns of a dilemma; it must either recompense its seamen more liberally than it does at present for voluntary service, or service must be compelled.—The wrong is not a simple but a *compound* one. —The remedy for all will be found in LIBERAL BOUNTY—TIMELY INDULGENCE—and INVIOLABLE FAITH.

JACK THE GIANT.

" Some mollification for your giant."
Twelfth Day.

(Scene—*Galley of a Cruizer.*)

WHAT!—your *Trafflygar*-tar?—That breed's gone by, my bo—few are now seen in the sarvus—your present race are another set o' men altogether—as different, aye, as different as beer and bilge-water.—They're all for *larning* now; and yet there's never one in a thousand as larns his trade—and what's worse nor all, they're all a

larnin' from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters.—Why, I was aboard of a crack-craft to'ther day, a *stationer* too, *three* years in commission, as came to be paid-off at Portsmouth, an' I'm bless'd if ev'ry fellow fore-and-aft at divisions—('twas Sunday, you know, and the ship's company were rigged in their best mustering togs)—well, may. I never see light if ev'ry chap as toed a line on her deck, from stem to starn, hadn't his body brac'd-up with a pair o' *braces* crossing his shoulders, for all the world like a galloot [1] on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows, an' knows what I speaks—for you see I was a Trafflygar chap myself.—Did you ever hear of the *Lee-B——?* —Did you ever hear o' *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper?—Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infarnal fire, an' *Billy-go-tight* singin' out like a soger, 'No, I *won't* strike—not *I*—no never, not I!'—an' Billy bein' then brought-up

[1] Raw recruit.

with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—'There's never no one a-*axing* you, Sir!'—Well, I've seed *that*—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks when 'twas almost a mortal unpossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-Royal-Tom*[1]; yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over an' over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with *braces*, or, more properly speakin' toppin'-lift toppin'-up his trowsers;—I'm blow'd if I wou'dn't rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat.—Then, again, your peace-train'd tars are all such chaps for holdin'on the *dibs*,—in my time, when rousin'-out his rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pull'd from his pocket a shilling or a guinea—payin' for a pint o' pearl, a glass o'grog, or a coachee or guard a-travellin', a fellow stood just as good a chance of gettin' the one as the to'ther."

[1] A well known shark in Jamaica.

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors, "then you see, men are beginnin' to get more sperience—to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider 'emselves as much a 'part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People!*" returned Thompson, indignantly, "I'd like to see the fellow as *dare* call me a 'part o' the people'—*I'd* people him!—That's your shore-goin' gammon—your infarnal larnin' as capsizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle an' sets fire to all afloat.—Is it because you can prate in a pot-house you're to call yourself 'part o' the people,' an' think yourself as big as Burdett or a bishop!—No, no, larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the *seat*, to curse a steamer, an' puddin' an anchor, an' then, 'stead o' callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as *good* men as before Trafflygar?"

"I does—I means to say they hav'n't the mind as they had—they doesn't *think* the same way (that is, *they thinks too much*)—and moreover, they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war:—Chaps now reefin' taupsles crawl out by the foot-ropes, an' you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallan'-studden-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller, an' lighter built."

"Smaller!—not a bit of it,—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock.—No, no, my bo, they were big enough,—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the topmen you now see afloat."

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best; they're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a top-

mast: and yet a double-fisted fellow tells well 'rousin', a tack aboard, or haulin' aft a sheet; and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and oft'ner far better tempered nor chaps not half their heights."

"Well—I dun know, Bill—I'm not a small man myself," said one of the assembled group—"I'm not a small man, nor yet what ye call a large-un—for at the back o' the Pint they says I'm just what ye calls the reg'lar size—but some how or other your undersized fellows always do best in the world—for, go where you will, you'll always find a little fellow makin' up to a lass double his length to give him a lift in life.

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack*[1] not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a skysail-pole—he was what they calls a reg'lar-built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard.—He was captain o' the mizen-top, an'

[1] *Andrew-Mack—Andromache* frigate.

well they knew it, the boys abaft, for he'd an infarnal tyrannical temper;—his wife was quite the revarse—a better hearted 'cretur never slept under a gun.—See them at North Corner, or Mutton Cove, on liberty together, an' you'd see what care she'd take of her Tom—her 'Tom-tit' as he was christened aboard.—Tom liked his drop—but the fellow was so short 'twould get in his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man,—there he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud an' mire till his rib (long Kate, as we called her,) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, an' take him aboard in a waterman's boat:—an' yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour."

"Blow your dwarfs!" interrupted Thompson, "were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard?—one o' the ship's company, you know,—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books?—'cause, ye see, *I* sarved in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What! a reg'lar-built *giant?*"

"Aye, a reg'lar-built *giant!*—a fellow as stood six-feet six in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill!—Bill Murdock—for he kept his name from first to last—knowing' 'twas never no use fixin' on a Purser's[1],—for go where he would, his bulk 'ou'd *blow* him—Bill was a Scotchman—a Glascow-man bred and born—an' a better seaman, or truer tar never commanded craft—for once Bill had the charge of one of his own—But Bill was something like myself, seldom backed by luck, an' was more oft'ner down nor up in the world.—We sarved together in the ——— frigate.—That was the craft for caperin'-kites.—Let's see, we used to set ring-tails,—water-sails,—studden-sails *without* studden-sails,—sky-scrapers,—moon-rakers,—star-gazers,—an' heaven-disturbers—Never ship could carry such a crowd o'canvas:—And, as for the skipper, 'twas hard to say on which he'd carry longest, his sail,

[1] Purser's name—a fictitious name.

or his sarmon—for as sure as Sunday came, there was strike out for a sarmon *three* times a day,—an' as sartin as Monday 'ou'd follow, there was crack-on the kites from day-light till dark—Yet the skipper was a plucky chap, and a man as know'd well his work—and, I'll say that for him, he never was a man as spared himself.—Report a strange sail in sight, an' he was the *first* as flew aloft—glass in hand at the mast-head,—and, what's more, blow high, blow low, there he'd stick, till he made her clearly an cleverly out.—I've seen his glass fixed to his eye, resting on the cross-trees,—for more, aye more nor six hours on a stretch.—What d'ye think o'*that*—a skipper of a frigate actin' look-out-man aloft under a six-hours' sun!—As sure as a haulin'-line comed down for the captain's grub—(for his dinner went reg'larly aloft in a hand-basket)—so sure you'd hear a hubbub below—The 'twix-decks had it in a crack—'A prize! my bose,' you'd hear fore-an'-aft—'the skipper's grub's gone aloft:'—But he wasn't a

man as liked his lickor;—six-water-grog was strong, to what we used to call his 'look-out-aloft swizzle.'—But take him, on one tack as well as 'tother, an' he was a smart little-man.—Bill an' he, to be sure, had sometimes a bit of a breeze—tho' when we laid at Cork, an' company comed to the skipper, Bill was the man as amused the ladies—Whenever Bill seed a boat-full o' muslin pullin'-off to the ship,—an' the whip[1] gettin' ready for the ladies,—down he'd dive,—off with his muzzle-lashin', an' on deck in a crack in his best mustrin'-rig;—for as sure as dinner was done in the cabin, the skipper wou'd send for Bill,—an' make some sham-Abraham excuse about the water bein' bad,—or the likes o' that, just for the purpus of givin' the ladies a treat in showin' 'em a giant.

"But though Bill was a scholard, he wasn't a man as took to the trash o' tracts as was sent aboard by some o' the —— *she* methody-parsons—Nor could Bill always bring his bible to

[1] Whip—chair-tackle for hoisting ladies on board.

book whenever we went to divisions—for you know, at three-bells[1] every forenoon, there was beat to divisions, an' muster prayer-books and bibles—As for myself, in the bible bisness, I managed the matter very well,—an' moreover, with the skipper, was a bit of a fancy-man,—for you see, my bible (as captain o' the mess) was alwas kivered in baize—nor never was opened, you know, nor paw'd by tarry paws—There wasn't, no, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out.—The skipper reglarly overhauled the books himself;—an' one morn goin' round at divisions, I says to myself—'come this is too bad, by Joe!—Here's my bible been bag'd in baize for three years an' upwards, an' the skipper's never once *noticed* the kelter she's in—so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself.—'Here she is, Sir,' says I, pullin' out the book from my green baize bag, just as he comes to my elbow—'Here she is, Sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd comed bran-new out o' the

[1] Half-past Nine, A.M.

mint.'—'That's a *good* man- -come down to *my* cabin,' says he, 'as soon as divisions are over.' Well as soon as the drum beats retreat, you may well suppose, I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop,—but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen —There was the skipper alone at the table, fumblin' a Newland[1] in his fist, an' seemin' as shy o' me, as *I* was of him.—'Come here, my man,' says he, 'come here, Thompson—you're a very *good* man,' says he,—'take this,' says he, shovin' a five-pound Newland into my fist —'take this, an' recollect,' says he, I give it for presarvin' so well the word o' the Lord.'—Well you may be sure after this, the bible sees less day-light nor ever; and there wasn't a fellow fore-an'-aft,—even Murdock himself,—as didn't bag his book in baize.

"Howsomever—to try back to Bill—Poor Murdock!—I thinks I now sees him on his beam-ends tryin' to take a caulk[1] in the bay

[1] Newland—a Bank-note. [2] Caulk—a nap on deck.

below.—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarfus.—Poor Bill!—I never seed his fellow—he did his duty as capain-o'-the-hold—for 't would never a-done t'ove let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft.—Moreover he was a capital hand in the hold.—Why, he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, an' sup out o' the bung-hole easier, aye, by far easier, nor you or I could out of a breaker.—But, poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape.—It made him reg'larly mad whenever he drank—but keep him from lickor, an' there wasn't his fellow afloat.—A nicer mannered man never Sally-port seed—an' a prettier-spoken chap never entered a tap.—Tho' big, and bulky, as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no *foot* afloat trod lighter the deck.—Keep him from drink, an' he'd sing a stave as 'ould win, aye, the first lady in the land.—Sober, the skipper himself wasn't better behaved.—He hadn't the heart to hurt a fly—he'd take off his

hat to the smallest reefer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h— for Bill.—, I'm blest if he didn't live more in the 'midshipman's berth' nor ever he did in his own.—Bill could amuse both man an' boy.—He was as much a child as any child in the ship,—an' sartinly, more of a *man* nor any ten together.—He could convarse wi' the best aboard—but, though a monster in a mob, I never heerd that he called himself '*part o' the people.*'—He was a capital scholard—know'd figures well—the rule o' three better.—He could hail a foreigner (and that, too, when the skipper cou'dn't) in any tongue, —no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese,—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax 'em 'where they were *from?* and where *bound?*' an' the like o' that.—He could spin, too, a capital yarn.—He was shipwrecked twice, once as a mate, and once as a master,—and *such* a chap at *chequers*, I never seed in my day.—In short, Bill was a man in a million.—But with all that, Bill was the *devil* in

drink—one glass more nor his allowance, and stand clear fore-an'-aft.—'Twasn't the frigate, nor yet any *three*-decked ship in the sarvus, as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard.—I've seen him, aye, I may safely say, more nor twenty times clear the lower, main-deck, an' folksel!—There you'd see midshipmen, marines,—ev'ry blue jacket below tumblin' up the hatchways, an' flyin' from Bill, as if, for all the world, a thund'ring Senegal tiger had been reg'larly turned adrift on deck.—A top-maul had better fall on your pate than his fist;—an', once, catch a fellow in his flipper, an' he'd fling him from side to side, or stem to starn, makin' no more of a middle-sized man, nor a middle-sized man wou'd make of a cat.—The sing out of '*Murdock adrift!*' was worse afloat, nor the cry of *murder!* ashore.—The sick, an' lame, an' chaps as couldn't bend their backs with the bago, would fling 'emselves out o' their hammocks, and fly upon deck, clear of his clutches.—You'd sometimes see the bowsprit reg'larly lined with

men, an' the riggin' swarmin' wi' fellows scuddin' from his grip.—The officers never, *never* could quiet him.—'Twas worth more nor the best o' their commissions was worth to make the trial—for they know'd to a man, they might as well try to capsize Sen-Paul's, as try to level Bill in his beer.—In this here fits a frightfuller sight never was seed.—He'd foam an' froth at the mouth,—tear his hair, an' knash his teeth in a terrible way—and yet, poor Bill!—how *soon* I've seen him *calmed* by a *cap*.—The sight of a *petticoat* would *tame* him in the turn of a quid.—The weakest girl aboard had nothin' to do but *face* him full in front—an' down like lightning, on all fours, poor Bill 'ould drop—clingin' to the lass's petticoats, an' lickin' her feet, for all the world, like a lady's lap-dog—though, I'm blest, but he looked a precious sight more like a sprawlin' elephant."

"What!—d'ye mean to say," interrogated the last interlocutor—"that a lass like Bet Bowles, could manage a monster like Murdock?"

"Yes, I does—a child (providin' she was a *she* child) could manage him easier, aye, easier, nor a party o' marines under ball and bagnet.—Once catched by the *cap*, an' all was calm in a crack.—The fire in his eye, and froth of his mouth, (as soon as the girl swabb'd with her apron the foam from his bows) was lost in the sudden lull—an' in less than minet, there wasn't, no—no, not as much as a *ripple* o' rage to be seen on his phiz.

"Well, after the lull o' the lickor, there wasn't to be seen a more down-i'-the-mouth man for a month.—Why, the old *Royal Billy*[1] herself—the *Billy* buffetin' about the Bay[2] in a breeze, wouldn't a-felt more shook an' shattered—more pulled to pieces nor poor Bill 'ould be, after comin' out of one of his heavy nor-westers.—Not a limb could he lift for a week.—He'd shake like a leaf; an' the sight of an officer would set him

[1] *Royal Billy*.—Royal William, said to have been 100 years old when broken up.

[2] Bay of Biscay.

a tremblin' worse, aye, worse nor a fellow in a flushin' fit.—D—n that infarnal agey—d—n the Dutch, and their dirty dikes.—*I'll* never be the man as I was.—But mind ye, it wasn't the dread o' the cat as made big Bill afeard of an officer—for I'm sartin and sure, the skipper 'ould sooner a-seized-up himself, nor ever 'ave brought poor Bill to the gratin'.—No, no, 'twasn't the thought o' the gratin' as gauled him—but, 'twas the *thought* of offendin' mortal in lickor—you'd sometimes see him backin' an' fillin' an' bockin' about a bit of a boy—a reefer [1] not twelve years old, afore he'd go up to the child, to 'hope an' hope he didn't offend him in his fit.—I wou'dn't,' he'd say,—'I wou'dn't, young gemman, offend you, no, not for a butt o' beer, much more hurt a hair o' your head'—an' then, he'd take an' tug the few locks as was left on his pate, an' curse th' unfortunet crack on his sconce, as made him, he'd say, 'worse an' wickeder than a baited bull.'

[1] Reefer—midshipman.

—He'd write to the skipper—to the first leaftenant, to the mate o' the grog-tub, an' to all the gemmen as had weight in the ship—to 'mollify' —yes, that was the word—to 'mollify,' as he called it, 'the mischief his madness made.'— He'd lay down the law as natral as life,—argufy the matter in a manner as would soften the heart of a hangman, an' mind ye, there was never nothin' like snivellin'—no double allowance o' *larning*—no sayin' a one thing as unsaid the 'tother, an' using words as went for nothin.' —For ten—let's see, was it ten?—No, for six—for six days he took his reg'lar bob on the book, never to touch the taste o' lickor.—Not as much as the dew of a drop lit on his lip.—Yes, for six days he suffered that tortur.—One time at Port-Royal, on a Patrick's-day, he goes reg'larly aft, an' axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes.—'Please, Sir,' says he, turning as red as a soger's coat, as he faced the first-leaftennant,—'Please, Sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon—I hopes no offence—but if so be,' says

Bill, 'it's all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-an'-twenty hours in irons.' —'In *irons!* for what?' says the first-leaftennant, —'what for?' says *Sprinkle-an'-Swab*, for that was his name with Bobby below—'What *for?*' says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-leaftennant—for you see, Bill was ashamed to say for *why*.—'Yes, what *for?*' again says *Sprinkle-an'-Swab*.'—'Well,' says big Bill, 'if you must—*must*, Sir, know for *why?*—to be moored out of mischief's way;—for you know, Sir,' says Bill,—'I darn't—darn't trust the *drop!*' —Well, seein' Bill was bent on the bilboes, in course, *Sprinkle-an'-Swab* sends for the master-'tarms, an' orders big Bill, both legs in limbo.

"But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats.—One time we'd a cuttin'-out job in the Bay—'twas in the —— frigate, for Bill and me, an' the first twenty-five on the books were drafted together into the *Saucy-go-where-she-will* —the Lee L——; *she* was the ship for the boats —Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig

anchored off the Isle of *Jew*—(though I never afore heard of a Jew bein' found in France.)—Well, she was lyin' all a taunto, royal yards across, an' moored head-an'-starn, close under a six-gun battery.—As soon as the fun was fixed, an' the word '*volunteer*' gets wind below, in course, big Bill must make his way aft, to clap down his name for the fray.—To see Bill comin' aft, scratchin' his pate with a smile on his mug as he seemed to say, 'here am I—more nor a barge's-crew in myself.'—Was better, aye, better by half nor a reg'lar-built play.—At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leaftennant—one Smith, was first-leaftennant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill—He'd a shore-goin' sneerin' manner of callin' a man as Bill could never abide.—'Well, *Mister* Murdock,' says Smith, 'what do *you* want?' Well, this *Mist'ring* the man was near the capsizin' o' Bill—it fairly floored him—and, no wonder—for where's the *man* among us as

likes to be *Mistered* here—an' *Mistered* there.—Why, 'tisn't worse, to be called '*Part-o'-the-People.*'—'Well,' says Smith, 'in a mockin' manner,' 'so you Mister Murdock, *you* must come aft to give in your name!'—Well, this *you-ing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin' him *Mister.*—'I hopes, Sir,' says Bill, 'I only comes aft like a man.'—'A *man!*' says the first-leaf-tennant,—'a precious sight more like a monster.—Besides, Mister Murdock,' says Smith, 'you're *nothing*, you know, when sober, an' drunk, your courage is *Dutch!*'—Big as he was, a child would have floored him—Poor Bill!—To touch his pluck was more nor the man could stand—his mouth as was playful and cheerful afore, fel' taut, an' stiff,—an' his lips were glued together—his eyes seemed fairly to fill,—but he disdained to drop a drop.—He knew well he was a man, and knew well he was *more* nor a man.—He looked like a fellow as felt 'twas better to *feel* within, nor to show what he felt without.—So Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes-up to

look at the list.—'I axes your pardon,' says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list, —'I hopes no offence, Sir,' says Bill brightenin' up at the sight o' the skipper, an' a ring o' good humour again breakin' round his mouth, —for you soon could diskiver the bent o' Bill,— 'I axes your pardon,' says he to the skipper, 'but I'm sorry to say, Mr. Smith won't allow me to go —he thinks me too *sober*, an' moreover, says, I'm nothin' unless I've my beer aboard.'—'Well, an' no more you *are*, Sir,' says Smith snappin' at Bill.—'If that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, an' I'm blow'd,' says Bill, thumpin' his fist on the capsten, 'if *another* soul in the ship need be sent!'—'No, no,' says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, 'No, no, my man' (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, an' *he* never, no, never *Mistered* a man,) 'No, no,' says he, 'we wants you for better work— your day's to come as well as my own—Go below, my man,—go below,' says the skipper, tryin' to comfort Bill.'—Well, Bill goes below

—but seed he was not, the whole day long.—He kept out o' sight in the hold,—refused his dinner, refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt-decks a-thought, took the thing too much, entirely to heart.

"Well, the time drew nigh—the boats were manned an' armed—each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo's crew.—All was ready—the thing was managed in a manner o' silence never afore seed, or since.—Hands were shook to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist, nor ever was said or *felt* by any o' your palaverin'-parli'ment chaps.—Well, the word 'Shove-off!' was given —The oars all muffled, an' away slipt the boats out o' sight, like craft as were slidin' in slush.—The Jolly was the last that left—for she was the Hospital-boat, an' the doctor's-mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her.—The doctor was ordered to keep out o' fire, an' to do no more nor dress the wounded, and patch their pates.—Well, when the jolly shoves-off, there

wasn't a breath to be heard aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a church-yard at night was never more still—never more dumb an' dark.

'Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell did'nt strike, in course, but the glass was turned;—yes, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time—exactly one bell, when we hears a thund'rin' row in the jolly.—She'd hardly gone twice her own length when we hears the bowman singin' out like a fellow as was fairly mazed—'Holloa!—holloa! —what the h— have we *here?*—a thund'rin' grampus, by *gee.*—D—n my wig if the boat isn't over!—'Silence! silence!' says the skipper, not more in the dark nor they in the boat,—'Oh! for shame! for shame, Mr. Mullins,' says the skipper, singin' out to the doctor's-mate,—'*for* shame, Sir, makin' such a shockin' noise at a moment like *this!*'—for Martin said often, often

the skipper was in a terrible takin'.—'Pull away,' Sir! pull away! by heaven!' says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothin' but heaven, 'if you're in sight another second I'll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!'—Jack Martin often an' often repeated the skipper's identical words.—Well, you know, this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle;—not that he disliked a fray, for the fellow liked fun as well as the best:—so the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinhace, an' cutter pulls-up alongside the brig, nor we gets one an' all a dose as sends us all staggerin' astern —empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot thrown into the boats, and the fire of musketry, Crappo kept up from the shore, was the most infarnalest fire as ever was seed.—We made three attempts—twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard—each time the boats were beat back.—Well, just as we intended

to try a fourth, we hears Mister Smith sing out 'What boat's *that?*'—an' the answer we hears was 'Dutch-courage!—*I'll* show you the way, my bo!'—'Big-*Bill!*—Big-*Bill!* by the Lord!' was the cry in the boats,—'Hurrah! hurrah! Big-Bill aboard, an' she's ours in a crack.'—An' soon Big-Bill was aboard—an' if he didn't soon clear her decks there's never no snakes in Virginny.—'Gabble, gabble!' you'd hear Crappo cry;—*Gabble*, you know, means devil in English and in course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift.—She soon was ours, and no sooner she was, nor Bill comes aft to the first-leaftennant an' says, 'Mister Smith,' says Bill, 'I think for a *sober* man, I've not done amiss.'

"Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?" interrupted one of Thompson's auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

"How did he get in the boat?—Why, ye may depend he handn't side-ropes goin' over the side, nor whipped over by the ladies'-chair.—No, no,

—he did *this* though—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, an' swam quietly off to the jolly.—It was then as they thought in the jolly they'd grappled a grampus.—Come, Spell oh! —the watch is out."

ORIGINAL OF THE

SHIPWRECK IN DON JUAN [1]

In indicating the sources which have furnished Lord Byron not only with the ideas, but with

[1] In an article which appeared in the Literary Gazette under the head of 'Plagiarisms of Lord Byron,' the writer says, "The shipwreck scene is *merely* a versification (though a very fine one) of the account of the sufferings of the *Medusa* frigate."—Page 122, vol. for 1821. How the noble poet must have chuckled over the above erroneous pretence of having detected the source of the nautical information in 'Don Juan!' Nothing could have answered Lord Byron's purpose better than what sportsmen would call a 'false scent.' Indeed, he tried

the very words in which he has told his tale of the shipwreck in the wonderful poem of "Don Juan," we think we shall both interest our readers, and contribute a few facts to the history of contemporary literature. In doing so we disclaim the slightest design to depreciate the poet's splendid genius: it is easy to justify such appropriations, either by precedent or reason; but there appears to us much singularity in the care and contrivance, (so foreign to his habitual frankness as to literary loans,) evinced by Lord Byron, to baffle detection of his original in the instance we treat of—a singularity made more remarkable by the attempt to put his readers on a false scent implied in his insinuation, that the details of the shipwreck were derived from his "Grandad's Narrative."

In other respects, Lord Byron, in writing of a shipwreck, did well to consult the very words of such mariners as have given to the world nar-

it himself, as we shall show in the allusion to his "Grandad's Narrative."

ratives of their sufferings at sea; for of such occurrences he could himself know little or nothing. The great rapidity, too, with which his poem of Don Juan was written, and in which a poem of that kind, to succeed, *must* be written, left his Lordship no opportunity of collocating his words afresh; to say nothing of the loss in point of vigour and truth, which must have been sustained by any alteration from the genuine expressions and technicalities in the actual recital of the facts from which he drew his particulars; for the incidents which arise in such calamities as those in question, are unlike what any other kind of human misery produces, and are not to be supplied by imagination.

This verbatim adaptation of what other men have left on record, touching particular facts, is not uncommon in the older writers, though modern literature prescribes the courtesy of acknowledgment. Some speeches in Shakspeare's "Coriolanus," are nothing more than metrical arrangements of the very words in Sir Thomas

North's translation of 'Plutarch's Lives,' first published in 1579[1]; and passages in the im-

[1] Some of these transfers have been pointed out in the Variorum edition of Shakspeare; but as this is a voluminous work, and therefore not always at hand, we will lay before our readers a remarkable instance of what we have asserted, and which, we believe, is not indicated in the edition of the poet to which we allude. It is in the famous scene in the fourth act, between Coriolanus and Aufidius.

"I am *Caius Martius, who hath done to thy selfe particularly, and to all the Volsces* generally, *great hurt and mischiefe*, which I cannot denie *for my surname of Coriolanus* that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and painefull service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have bene in, but this onely *surname; a good memorie and witnesse of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me.* Indeed, *the name only remaineth* with me; for the rest, the *envie and crueltie of the people* of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly *nobilitie* and magistrates, *who have forsaken me*, and let me be banished by the people. That *extremetie* hath now driven me to come as a poor suter, to take thy chimnie *harth, not of any hope* I have to save my life thereby. *For if I had feared death*, I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard."—*North's Plutarch*, folio, p. 232.

"My *name is Caius Marcius, who hath done*
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My *surname Coriolanus:* the *painful* service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited

mortal bard's 'Henry the Eighth,' are, with equal accuracy, taken syllable by syllable, from Holinshed's History of the reign of that monarch.

The cases, however, of Shakspeare and Lord Byron are not exactly parallel, inasmuch as the plays of the former were written for performance on the stage, and not with any view to publication; though, had he lived to have been con-

"But with that *surname: a good memory,*
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which *thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;*
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard *nobles*, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this *extremity*
Hath brought me to thy *hearth; not out of hope,*
Mistake me not, to *save my life;* for if
I had feared death, of all men i' the world,
I would have 'voided thee."

Coriolanus, Act 4th, Scene 5th[1].

[1] The above article originally appeared in the United Service Journal, in the year 1829, being long before the appearance of the late Variorum edition of the works of Lord Byron. In this latter the present note appears to have been adopted. The editor had not room, we suppose, to spare for the acknowledgment of the source whence he derived his illustration. N'importe!

sulted by his brethren, Heminge and Condell, upon the printing an authentic edition of his works, he would, in all probability, not have left to modern critics the task of detecting the originals of some of his fine passages. Even Chaucer, upwards of four hundred years ago, was not content to borrow without acknowledgment. In his pathetic story of Griselda, equalled only (and we say it reverently) by some of the narratives in the Bible, he states that he was told it at Padua by

" Franceis Petrark, the Laureat-Poete,"

though Chaucer does not seem to have known that Petrarch must have learned it from the Decameron of Boccaccio, whose narration of this tale, however, is infinitely surpassed by that of the old English poet; and, in like manner, Chaucer, in telling the tale of " Hugelin of Pisa," (Ugolino) distinctly refers to Dante as his authority.

But to return to Lord Byron:—the tale of the

Shipwreck, if not the finest thing in "Don Juan," is confessedly the most popular; and this is owing to the very 'borrowings' which we will presently bring to light. Behold in this the power of truth, however homely in its expressions, over fiction, however ingenious and brilliant! In being content to transcribe rather than invent, Lord Byron has framed a story which will go down to remotest posterity.

The first passage which we shall take from the poem, consists of the XXVIIth, XXVIIIth, and XXIXth stanzas of the second Canto, and the reader will be surprised to find how closely the noble poet has followed certain particulars in an account of the "Loss of the American ship, Hercules, on the coast of Caffraria, June 16th, 1796," inserted in the third volume of a work published in Edinburgh in 1812, entitled "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea."

XXVII.

"At one o'clock, the *wind with sudden shift*
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,

Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shattered the
Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away: 'twas time *to sound*
The pumps, and there were four feet water found."
Don Juan, Canto II.

"Night came on worse than the day had been, and *a sudden shift of wind*, about midnight, *threw the ship into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern post, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The pumps* were *immediately sounded*, and in the course of a few minutes the water increased to *four feet*."—Vol. iii. p. 316.—*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.—Loss of the Hercules.*

XXVIII.

"*One gang of people instantly was put*
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,
But they could not *come at the leak* as yet;
At last they did *get at it* really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet;

The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they *thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin.*"

Don Juan, Canto II.

"*One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people employed in getting up* rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over, *to come at the leak* if possible. After three or four hundred bags were thrown into the sea, *we did get at it*, and found *the water rushing* into the ship with astonishing rapidity; therefore, we *thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin*, and every thing of the like description that could be got, *into the opening*."—Vol. iii. p. 316.—*Shipwrecks at Sea.—Loss of the Hercules.*

XXIX.

"*Into the opening!* but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they *must have gone down*
Despite of all their efforts and *expedients*,
But *for the pumps*; I'm glad to make them known
To all brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown

By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for *the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.*"

Don Juan, Canto II.

"Notwithstanding the pumps *discharged fifty tons of water an hour*, the ship certainly *must have gone down* had not our *expedients* been attended with some success. *The pumps*, to the excellent construction of which I owe the preservation of my life, *were made by Mr. Mann of London.*"—Pp. 316, 317.—*Shipwrecks at Sea. Loss of the Hercules.*

In the stanzas immediately succeeding the above, Lord Byron leaves his researches into the details connected with the wreck of the Hercules, and finds something to his purpose in Captain Inglefield's Narrative of the "Loss of the *Centaur* man-of-war in 1782," which will be found in page 40 of the same volume.

XXX.

"As day advanced the weather *seemed to abate*,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,

* * * * *

* * * * *

The wind blew *fresh again:* as it grew late,
A squall came on, and while *some guns broke loose,*
A gust, which all *descriptive* power transcends,
Laid, with one blast, *the ship on her beam ends.*

XXXI.

There she lay motionless, and seemed upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget:

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* * * * *

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd; but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Fore-mast and bowsprit were cut down[1], and they

[1] It is worthy of remark, that in his first variation from the original text, the noble poet has committed an egregious blunder in seamanship, when he says, "the fore-mast and bowsprit were *cut down.*" Now, when a ship is on her beam ends, every endeavour is made to put her before the wind; but if the fore-mast and bowsprit be cut down, she is then deprived of the

Eased her at last, (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted)
And then *with violence the* old *ship righted.*"

Don Juan, Canto II.

"About two in the morning *the wind lulled*, and we flattered ourselves the gale was breaking. Soon after, there was much thunder and lightning from the south-east, with rain, when strong gusts of wind began to blow, which obliged me to haul up the main-sail. Scarce was this done, *when a gust*, exceeding in violence every thing of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, *laid the ship on her beam ends. The water forsook the hold*, and appeared between decks—*the ship lay motionless*, and, to all appearance, irrecoverably *overset. Immediate* directions were given *to cut away the main and mizen-masts*, trusting, when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the

only *spars*, by which this evolution can be possibly put into practice. Indeed, Captain Inglefield says, "he had the *mortification* to see the *fore-mast* and bowsprit also go over."

mizen-mast went first over, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the *main-mast followed.* I had the mortification to see the *fore-mast and bowsprit also go over.* On this *the ship immediately righted with great violence. Three guns broke loose on the main*-deck," &c. &c.—P. 41.—*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.—Loss of the Centaur.*

XLII.

" *Again the weather* threaten'd—again blew
A gale, and *in the fore and after hold*
Water appear'd: yet though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the *chains and leathers were worn through*
Of all our pumps:" * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * *

Don Juan, Canto II.

" On the morning of the 21st, we had the mortification to find, that *the weather again threatened*, and by noon it *blew a storm.* The

ship laboured greatly; *the water appeared in the fore and after hold,* and increased. I was informed by the carpenter also, that *the leathers* were nearly consumed, and that *the chains of the* pumps, by constant exertion, and the friction of the coals, were rendered almost useless."—*Loss of the Centaur*, p. 47.

XLIV.

" *The ship was evidently settling now*
Fast by *the head;* and all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, * *
* * * * *

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair:"
* * * * *
* * * * *

Don Juan, Canto II.

" I perceived *the ship settling by the head,* the lower deck ports being even with the water. The carpenter assured me the ship could not swim long, and proposed making rafts to float

the ship's company, whom it was not in my power to encourage any longer with a prospect of safety. *Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks,* and desired their messmates *to lash them in;* others were securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea was, that *of putting* on their *best and cleanest clothes.*"—Pp. 49, 50.—*Loss of the Centaur.*

The incidents in stanzas LXXIV, LXXVI, and LXXVII, are derived from the same volume, and are in an article called "Sufferings of Twelve Men in an Open Boat, 1797."

LXXIV.

"But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd *of shoes;*
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length *the lots* were torn up, and prepared,"

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death;
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead."

* * * * *
* * * * *

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains,
But being rather thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast flowing veins;
Part was divided"—

* * * * *

Don Juan, Canto II.

" *They soaked their shoes,* and two *hairy caps,* in *water,* and when sufficiently softened, ate portions of the *leather.* All these being finished, they were compelled to resort to the horrible expedient of devouring each other; *they cast lots* to determine the *sufferer.* It is not said who

was the unhappy person[1], but with manly fortitude *he resigned himself* to his miserable associates, only *requesting that he might be bled to death. The surgeon* of the Thomas being among those preserved, *had his* case of *instruments* in his pocket when he quitted the vessel; and his request was not denied. Yet scarce was the *vein divided*, when the operator, applying his own

[1] We believe that the accounts which are given of men in this extremity, adopting the horrible expedient of eating the bodies of their fellow-creatures, are, for the most part, fictions. It is not solid food for which the sufferers in such calamities yearn; but water to allay a burning and maddening thirst, which renders the mastication and swallowing of any substance nearly impossible, and therefore not wished for. This, upon a little reflection, would appear to be the truth; and for the sake of humanity, we are glad to find this opinion confirmed by the testimony of that distinguished officer, the late Captain Peter Heywood, who, having been with others in an open boat many days, under the most distressing circumstances, states that not only were the bodies of their shipmates thrown overboard immediately after death, without any contemplation on the part of the survivors of making the revolting use of them which Lord Byron and others have alleged; but that even some biscuit which had been served out to the companions of our informant, lay unregarded at the bottom of the boat, the sole agony of the men being occasioned by intense thirst.

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parched lips, *drank the stream as it flowed*," &c. &c.—Pp. 356, 357.—*Sufferings of Twelve Men*, &c.

We pass over many passages, in which, though the resemblance is obvious, it is not so circumstantial as those already cited; and go on to stanzas LXXXVII, LXXXVIII, and XC, wherein even the fine Dante-like picture of the father and son is not the poet's, though so like his general style; but is a mere versification of a fact simply detailed in the narrative of the "Shipwreck of the Juno on the coast of Aracan, in 1795," from the same volume.

LXXXVII.

" There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more *robust and hardy* to the view,
But he died early ; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing,' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan!"

Of the other boy, the poet proceeds:

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but *wiped the foam*
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam;
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired.—The father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it *wistfully*, until away
'Twas *borne* by the rude *wave wherein 'twas cast;*
Then he *himself sunk* down, all *dumb and shivering*,
And *gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.*"

Don Juan, Canto II.

"I particularly remember the following instances: Mr. Wade's boy, a *stout healthy lad*,

died early, and almost without a groan; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect. Their fathers were both in the fore-top when the boys were taken ill. The father of Mr. Wade's hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, "that *he could do nothing for him*," and left him to his fate. The other, whenever the *boy was seized* with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and *wiped away the foam from his lips;* and if a *shower came*, he made him open his mouth to *receive the drops*, or gently *squeezed them into* it *from* a *rag*. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till *the boy expired*. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked *wistfully* at it, and when he could no *longer entertain any doubt*, watched it in silence *until* it was carried *off by the sea;* then wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, *sunk down*, and rose no more; though he must have

lived two days longer, as we judged from the *quivering of his limbs* when a wave broke over him."—*Loss of the Juno*, pp. 273, 274.

Proceeding in the story, we come next to Stanza XCVII, for the detail of which the noble poet has returned once more to the "Loss of the Centaur," several hundred pages back in the volume.

XCVII.

"As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who *had the watch sung out and swore*,
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's fay,
He *wish'd that land* he *never might see* more:"

* * * * *
* * * * *

Don Juan, Canto II.

"At length one of them broke out into a most immoderate *swearing fit* of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared that *he had never seen land* in his life if *what he now saw was not so*."—*Loss of the Centaur*, p. 55.

In placing the above passages in juxta-posi-

tion, the reader cannot fail to be struck with the singular circumstance of originals being derived from such distant parts of the same volume; as if the dodging about in this way were intended to perplex and defeat the researches of that inquirer who might hit on the clue. But, whatever may have been his motives for this evasion, the skill and patience with which the illustrious writer selected and wrought his scattered materials, are at least as remarkable as the success which crowned them.

NAVAL HUMOURISTS.

In one of the papers in the "Spectator," Addison has given an ingenious genealogy of that faculty in the mind of man known by the name of *Humour*. Truth, it seems, was the founder of this family, and the father of Good Sense; who, in his turn, begot Wit, from whom proceeded Humour. A reference to this lineage is sufficient to determine between the pretensions of genuine and counterfeit humour, inasmuch as

the former is always remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense, while the latter, if called on for *his* pedigree, can only prove his consanguinity to Folly.

That this genealogical history of Humour is as demonstrable as any which could be procured from the Herald's College is not to be disputed; still we cannot help believing that the pains manifested in tracing it, would have been somewhat superfluous had our social Essayist paid a visit afloat, or known any thing of the humour of the English tar. To this he might have triumphantly referred. No man has a more genuine relish than Jack for a joke; nor does any give vent to one more opportunely, more extemporaneously, and with less of that outward consciousness which is the utter bane of a good thing. But, because Jack *seems* not to be aware of the full extent of his own joke, is he the less cognizant of its scope? Not he: he is thoroughly up to what he is about; and though he knows not Addison from Adam, and is totally ignorant of the

former's precept, which sets forth that "true humour generally looks serious whilst every body laughs about him," he possesses a natural instinct which amounts to the same thing; and he only suppresses the indications of his countenance that his heart may the more cordially chuckle.

If this be the case with the foremast-man, it may be even more conspicuously seen in certain of our naval officers, of whom—though gentlemen in the best sense of the word—it may be said that each of them is 'every inch a sailor.' Such are and were Tom P——m, Jack T——r, John P——e, Billy Culmer, Sir Roger Curtis, Sir Isaac Coffin, and, though last, not least, the inimitable Sir Joseph Yorke.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told of these wags of the naval service, who, independently of their wit, are or were among the best and bravest of those who influence the destiny of our wooden walls.

In courage and eccentricity Sir Tommy hardly exceeded Sir Roger; nor can the dock-yard days

of Sir Isaac ever be forgotten. But the latter was no joker, while Sir Joey was the very *præsens divus* of the realms of fun. He was a mine of mirth, and his humanity was equal to his humour. On the books of charity he was rated a 'widow's man.' His death was an overwhelming calamity to every poor fellow connected with the 'service.' The phrase of 'York, you're wanted,' was, in his case, transplanted from 'the turf' to the undulating billow; and of him, with a slight alteration of name, may be applied the panegyric which the very heart of our great Shakspeare poured out on the favourite of his creation, Yorick, 'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest.'

To this may not inaptly be added, what that prince of modern humourists, Sterne, says of *his* Yorick—

"Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal

men, for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter."

Who now can fill the 'rating' of parliamentary punster?—Who now can set the senate in a roar? or remove bad feelings by a good joke?

Upon the close of a sanguinary contest, in which one of our naval humourists was engaged jointly with a gallant officer, celebrated for his piety, the ship of the latter, which had suffered severely during the action, was seen rolling a dismasted and unmanageable hulk in the trough of the sea.—Our humourist, in passing the stern of the 'saintly skipper,' hailed him aloud, and thund'ring through a trumpet, exclaimed, "I say, Jimmy,—whom he loveth, the Lord chasteneth."

Of the same officer it is said, that when purposely closing to "speak" the stately ship of a pompous peer, whose military band, to add to

the dignity of dinner, and to promote, as it were, taciturnity of table, had, in all the pride and circumstance of martial music, been performing on the poop abaft, 'traced-up' to his peek, a grunting pig, exclaiming, 'How does your lordship like *my* band?' "

In deeds of humour, T——r is a 'tower of strength.'—Jack made mirth by a telegraph—and through the medium of bunting, of which the signal flags are composed, constantly 'let fly' a joke.

According to the practice of the period, some of our more expert and speculative cruizers, particularly commanders of fast-sailing frigates, entered into mutual compact to share in the profits of all prizes captured apart.—They appointed a specified latitude and longitude for rendezvous, and agreed to communicate the result of their respective success.—Such a compact was formed between Captain T. and Captain P.—Six weeks often would elapse, ere, with crowded canvass, the cruizers discovered each other.—On one occasion, communicating by signal, the ship of Captain P.

a long way to leeward, asked if Captain T. "had taken any thing?"—The answer was, "Yes."—The number representing this word remained flying so long, that the first interrogator, losing all patience, and stimulated by the expectation of gain, demanded—"What?"—"*Physic*," replied T——r.

To illustrate another position in the argument of our genealogist of humour (alluded to above), where it is said that 'humour sometimes puts on grave looks and a solemn habit,' we may mention the subdued pleasantries of the gallant 'Sir John P——e.' When the Admiralty regulations relative to the twenty-ninth alteration in the Naval Uniform, were issued by the Board, strict injunctions were given to the respective commanders-in-chief of stations at home and abroad, to enforce the orders with scrupulous minuteness. At this time Sir John commanded a ship, refitting at Plymouth. He was a wag by nature, and it especially delighted him to obey an absurd regulation, *au pied de la lettre*, in order to demonstrate its folly. For example, to prescribe

the exact dimension of the cocked hat, to be worn by short and tall, fat and spare, must have struck him as egregiously foolish; and accordingly he procured a hat conformable, in all respects, to the established order [1]. Attired in his new uniform, he was the first to appear at the Port-Admiral's office, to pay the customary respect due to his superior. On his entrance, the latter eyed him with a scrutinizing glance, and seeing him so fastidiously exact in his uniform, with the exception of one particular,—the commander-in-chief, addressing him, delicately inquired if Sir J. had read the order relative to the new uniform.

"Read it!" exclaimed Sir J. "I know it by heart—have every cut and dimension to a T. Nay more, I never go out without a copy of so important an official document in my pocket. You cannot, I am sure, Sir, detect any inaccuracy in my costume."

[1] "*Hat*—Cocked; the flaps ten inches in the back, eight and a half inches in the front, six inches at each corner, bound with gold lace two and a half inches wide, showing one inch and a quarter on each side." &c. &c.—*Vide* 'Admiralty Regulations.'

"But your hat, Sir John."

"Hat! I defy you, Sir, to find any thing wrong either in altitude, breadth, or cut," at the same time pulling out an ivory rule to measure the dimensions, and identify them with those so deliberately prescribed by the Admiralty board.

"But the colour, Sir J.!"

"Colour! O, there I have them. Nothing is said on that score; and as I am likely to go to a warm climate, I prefer a *white to a black cocked hat.*"

The professional reader is aware that the form which the Navy Board (now no longer extant) used, in the prodigality of its tenderness, to assume, when addressing an officer was, "We are, Sir, your *Affectionate friends.*" Our worthy Sir J. who had often perceived this, thought that so much graciousness should be reciprocated, if only on the old principle, that one good turn deserves another. In this conviction, he one day subscribed himself in language similar to

that which preceded the signature of the Right Honourable Commissioners. This was, at head-quarters, held to be too familiar, and a written remonstrance was conveyed to Sir J. informing him that it was unusual (to say the least of it) for officers to use such freedom with the dignity of "*Boards.*" Sir J. took the rebuke with great composure, and acknowledged it something in the following way:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have had the honor to receive your letter of the —— acquainting me that it is not according to the rules of the service for officers to subscribe themselves in the words adopted in my last. I shall be careful to obey the intimation, and meanwhile have the honor to remain,

"Gentlemen,

"*Not* your affectionate friend,

"J. P."

When Sir J. was at anchor at Madeira, a deputation of the British Merchants was sent on board to request the captain would permit the

chaplain of the ship to take an early opportunity to consecrate a piece of ground destined by them to become a cemetery. To this Sir J. felt not the least objection, and gave his orders accordingly to the Reverend Gentleman of the ship.

The latter, however, knew that a consecration was beyond his clerical authority. He indeed, said as much to the captain, observing that there was an insuperable difficulty in the way of a compliance with the wishes of the merchants.

"Difficulty!" exclaimed Sir J. "I know of no such word in the naval vocabulary."

"But, Sir, according to canon law ———"

"*Cannon* law," interrupted the impatient commander, "that is the very thing I like."

"You mistake me, Sir," returned the chaplain, who did not perceive the pun of his captain;—"by Canon law, I mean the law Ecclesiastical; and this directs that none but a dignitary of the church can consecrate a ground for burial."

"What dignitary?"

"A bishop, Sir."

"O, we will soon rectify that. Here, messenger, tell my clerk I want him."

The clerk quickly obeyed the summons, and was directed by Sir J. to make out an "acting order" for the chaplain to officiate as bishop.

The clerk looked a little astonished, and more puzzled, which being perceived by our humourist, he said, "You have nothing to do, Sir, but look at the printed instructions, under the head of "Acting Order." In copying this, you must substitute the word "Bishop" for "Lieutenant."

A document to this effect was soon produced, together with an order to the chaplain to act upon the "Acting Order," at the same time promising the reverend gentleman as a reward for his trouble, that he would write to the Admiralty, requesting their lordships to confirm the same. This promise was religiously fulfilled.

We have often heard of bishops *confirming* laymen, but never of laymen confirming bishops.

JACK AT OPORTO:

A DIALOGUE OF THE DECK.

Scene I.—*Fore-hatchway of a Cruizer.*

INTERLOCUTORS.

Sam. M——n, Captain's coxswain—an *educated* seaman [1].
Thos. H——s, Captain of the Main-top.
Sergeant S——, Sergeant of Marines.
Ned T——, Captain of the Fore-top.
Mich. Con——r, an Irish waister.
Robt. B——s, a Quarter-gunner.

Ned.—What *there?*—To be sure we was—aye, the whole o' the time—wasn't we, Tom?

Tom.—Aye, from the very first beginnin' o'

[1] Literally so.

the breeze[1]—why, bless ye, we was moored—Let's see—Sam, how long was we moored in the Douro?

Sam.—How long?—Eleven months and twenty-two days to a tee.

Bob.—My eyes!—what a precious spell!

Sam.—A precious spell, indeed!

Bob.—In course, you'd capital fun?

Sam.—*What?*—in holding-on the *slack?*—I never could *see* any yet?

Tom.—No more never could Tom.—It's all very well in a reg'lar-built-war—for then, there's never mistakin' the matter—a fellor warms wi' his work, and works with a will—

Sam.—Nor is he annoyed with Neutral nonsense.

Ned.—No, never; nothin' to do, but out tompions, bang, bang, and blaze away, till he brings the bis'ness to a reg'lar-clinch.—But, it's quite, quite a *diff'rent* thing altogether,—to be pelted here,—and shelled there,—hear buzzin-bullets

[1] Breeze—rupture.

passin' your pate;—round and grape, whizzin' atwixt your masts;—cart-loads of canister cuttin' your stays,—severin' your standin'-riggin',—and unreevin' the whole o' your runnin' ropes.

Tom.—Ay, Ned,—an' what was worse nor all,—without beiri' able to return as much as a musket-wad.

Bob.—Why, Tom, Tom,—sure*ly*, you dòesn't mean for to say, as ye patiently stud the fire of a Portu*gee*—a Portugee *soger* too?

Ned.—A Portugee *soger*?—Lord help ye.—Why, we'd sogers there—(I axes your pardon, sergeant)—but there wer cross-belted-beggars there belongin' to ev'ry nation on the face o' the fightin' globe —— There was your Raw-Scotch—yer Wild-Irish—yer Lunnun light-uns—yer heavy Garmins—yer Long-Poles—yer Short-Swish — yer Lazy-Roney — yer French-Hop-kickers — yer Bulgum-Butchers,

and many more o' sim'lar sort, I can't this min'et remember [1].

Bob.—Yes, but Ned—in course, they was all in the *one* sarvus?

Ned.—Sartinly, Bob—in one o' the *two*.

Bob.—Two *what?*

Ned.—Why, blow your thick-head, one o' the two Belly-geer-uns—

Bob.—Who the devil are they?

Ned.—Who?—Why fellors as *geer* at starvin' sogers, whenever they fail to fill their bellies.

[1] Of these miserable mercenaries, many have returned to England and France—"Yesterday (March 10th 1834)," says a Calais correspondent, "83 Soldiers from the army of Don Pedro, were brought in here, by the English sloop *Neptune*. There are 64 Frenchmen, 10 Belgians, 8 Prussians, and 1 Pole. They left Lisbon on the 1st in the steam-vessel, the *Royal William*, and arrived in the Thames on the 9th. They were not suffered to land, but immediately put on board the *Neptune*, and sent to Calais. They are the very image of misery, being in such a complete state of nudity that the Mayor could not allow them to appear in the streets, but ordered them to be placed in an asylum, and supplied with provisions. A subscription was made for furnishing them with clothes and other necessaries. The Mayor has applied to Government for instructions as to the disposal of them."—*Daily Papers.*

Bob.—Go it, Ned!

Ned.—Go it?—I'm never goin' it at all—Its the skipper's own dientical name—for many an' many's the time, as Tom an' Sam can say,—we've heerd him hailin' the poop,—singin' out to Bob Buckley abaft—'Signalman,—Signalman, which o' the two Belly-geer-uns fired the first?'—for you see every shot, and shell, as comed from either side, was reg'larly scored on the signal-slate.

Tom.—Ay, tallied to a pistol pop—wasn't they, Sam?

Sam.—The fact is, Tom—Bob's like many more—know's nothing whatever of the matter.

Bob.—I should like to see the fellow as *did*—But, see here, Sam,—the thing as pauls and puzzles a fellow the most (I may be wrong, for you know, I'm no more nor a thick-headed chap)—but the thing as seems to *me* the greatest pauler, is the easy unconsarn'd way as ye took their infarnal fire.—Did ye never *show* your *colours?*

Sam.—Were they ever down[1]!

Bob.—Down!—I doesn't know, but it looks as if they was a-goin' *down*,—and d——d *fast* too, when a Portu*gee* insults the Bri*tish* flag!

Sam.—Insults the British flag!—There you *go*, with your pipe-and-pot-house prate,—as if the *British* flag never *insulted* itself.

Tom.—Ay, Sam—*we* knows better than that! D'ye 'members the time the Bristol brig *shams* distress,—breaks the blockade, and bolts over the 'bar' with the *Union down*[1]*!!!*

Ned.—Ay, Tom; and d'ye 'members too the terrible takin' the first-leaftennant was in, when they makes the signal, from the shore to the ship —"*British*-brig, *Breakin'-blockade in Distress!*" —"Bless my soul," says the first-leaftennant, with the blood bilin'-up in his good-humoured mug—for he was a capital man, and know'd and seed as much as most—"Bless my soul!" says

[1] So many "*mistakes*" had been made, that it became necessary for the British Squadron to keep it's *colours* flying by night as well as by day.

[2] Colours reversed.

he, "and the captain too out o' the ship—Man the gig," says he—"I'll follow ashore, and find him out—I wou'dn't, wou'dn't for the world," says he, "a thing o' the sort should happen, and *he* ashore"—for it seems Mister D—— was never aware, as the skipper was all the while up at the *Post*[1], eyein' the whole affair.

Sam.—Yes, for more than an hour before, he'd been watching the brig's manœuvres.

Sergeant.—Then *you* were on shore at the time.

Sam.—I was—for wherever he went—I was always with him.

Sergeant.—But did the brig succeed?

Sam.—No—nor did she deserve to succeed.

Ned.—Ay, Sam, 'twas a bad bis'ness—In course, aboard the brig they thinks, as all the chaps in the batteries was keepin'-it up—for you see, it was a *Patrick's-Day!*

Sam.—Patrick's-Day—Ned, 'twas neither an Englishman's day, nor an Englishman's deed, to

[1] Signal-post.

abuse, for the purpose of covering a deceptive trick, so *sacred* a signal[1].

Tom.—*(aside)*—That Sam's a reg'lar-built scholard.

Ned.—Sartinly, Sam.—'Twas never becomin' o' British buntin' to kiver a dirty deed.

Sam.—Ay, Ned,—in the Douro it positively blushed *blue.*

Bob.—Who's to blame?—Why didn't you unmuzzle like men, and reg'larly set the bull-dog a barkin'.—I never would a stud none o' their fire.

Sam.—Bob,—we are on opposite tacks.

Bob.—Well! Show me I'm wrong, and round I comes in a crack;—but mind!—afore I claps my helm a lee—I must *first* be made to *see* my way—that's to say, know the why and the where,

[1] "Counterfeiting signals of distress," says Paley, "is an artifice which ought to be reprobated by the common indignation of mankind: for a few examples of captures effected by this stratagem, would put an end to that promptitude in affording assistance to ships in *distress*, which is the best virtue in a sea-faring character, and by which the perils of navigation are diminished."

and the where and the why, of the whole o' the matter.

Sam.—Now you talk like a sensible man.

Ned.—Sartinly, Sam—he sartinly does—for where's the chap as knows the bight from the end of a rope—the compass-card from the bin nacle-box—as wou'dn't, on seein' a reg'lar-built breeze or bobbery a-brewin', first try to *see* and *feel* his way, afore he mixes or meddles in a muddy matter?

Sam.—Ned's a house of his own.

Sergeant.—But, what became of the brig.

Sam.—Sunk by the batteries—and ultimately burnt.

Sergeant.—*What?* with the *British* colours *flying?*

Sam.—Ay, and moreover upside down.—To strangers, not in the secret, it was undoubtedly a most mortifying sight;—and made doubly so, by the injudicious conduct, and hasty retreat of the crew.

Sergeant.—Then, they deserted the brig?

Sam.—They did, and that, too, so apparently *soon*—that many suspected they were Portuguese.

Sergeant.—But, perhaps, they had no other means of stopping the batteries' fire?

Sam.—Sergeant—had the people in the brig's boat, pulled *direct* for the blockading side, and, instead of *shunning*, sought that refuge to which a vessel in distress was undoubtedly entitled, the probability is, that a cessation of fire would have immediately followed.—But no, the very opposite course was pursued!—In fact, *conscience*, making cowards of them all, compelled them to turn tail, and take to the side to which their illicit cargo was originally consigned.

Sergeant.—But the signal of *distress?*

Ned.—Ay, that cock wou'dn't fight again—too many tricks, my bo, had been played with British buntin'.

Sam.—Besides,—there were certain circumstances connected with the case of the Bristol brig, peculiarly calculated to excite suspicion.—

The vessel had long been hovering about the coast, endeavouring to *land* supplies for the opposite party—indeed she had partly succeeded—for '*bulk* had been broken,' and nearly a third of her cargo had been conveyed on shore, before she attempted the stratagem in question.—I call it stratagem, because it was generally believed the master had been *bribed* to break the blockade[1].

Tom.—(aside)—That Sam's a reg'lar-built walkin'-log—an' I'll back him for larnin' 'gen any fellow afloat.

Mich.—What's that you was after sayin' just now?—Sen-Patrick's-Day,—an Englishman's day—an Englishman's-*deed*, indeed.—As if Sen-Patrick's wasn't a raal gintleman.

[1] The charter-parties declared to the writer, that "*no bribe* had been evên offered;—but that the vessel was really in *distress.*"—The *proprietor* of the brig, in the presence of several officers of the British squadron, subsequently asserted the *reverse* to be the fact. Adding, that he was extremely ill-treated, and assigning the charge of '*bribery,*' as the reason which deprived him of the power of recovering his *insurance.*'—The parties concerned are highly respectable.

Sam.—Mic—your countrymen had nothing to do with the deception practised on the day in question.

Mich.—Don't be after blarneyin' a body wid your long-winded words.—But, take a *freend's* advice, an' larn, whenever you spake o' Sen-Patrick, to spake o' Sen-Patrick, as Sen-Patrick desarves.

Sergeant.—I was once myself in the Douro, but it's some years since.—As well as I can remember, when ships are moored any distance up—the mouth of the river is shut from the view.

Sam.—For which reason we were compelled to erect a signal post in the summer-house of an English gentleman's garden.—What we should have done without him I know not. As I before said, the captain was seated at the signal-post, watching the manœuvres of the brig.—As soon as the intention to break the blockade became manifest, the telegraphic communication, of which Ned has already spoken,

was purposely made to apprize the squadron of this unexpected occurrence.—It was on Sunday —about eleven in the forenoon.—Many of the British merchants were at Church.—But there were three or four who, upon hearing the circumstance, hurried straight to the signal-post, and who certainly seemed not a little excited.—"Surely," said one, ascending the steps leading to the little look-out room, attached to the signal station—"Surely, the commodore, who, by the bye, had his glass firmly fixed on the suffering brig, intently watching the effect of the batteries' fire—"Surely, the commodore will *now* interfere?"—"It's past human endurance!" said another, who had previously entered the room.—"It's positively insupportable!" murmured a third, pacing the floor with an agitated step;—and then it was Mic, that your countryman's cool retorts were brought into play.—I shall never forget his humorous sallies.—Ned, you remember, of course, Mister ——?

Ned.—To be sure I does—ay, an' a capital chap he was.

Sam.—"Oh murther!" said he, in a broad Irish brogue, made *broader*, perhaps, in honour of the day—"Oh! murther!—What a beu-tée-ful *target* she makes!—see!—that's right in her starboard quarter.—There!—*there's* another bang in her bow.—Heads-up, my lass—faith, now, such another slap in the face as *that*, might be apt t' offend a bad-tempered-chap.—The divils are larnin' to *fire* at last!"

These sallies, I should tell you, were made in return to certain murmurings heard in the rear of the room.—Such as '*insult* to the British flag—officers—exult—disgrace—country's colours.'—But Mister —— was a match for them all.—When the crew had left the vessel to her fate, she backed on shore; but the head-sails filling the *right* way, she instantly forged off, and was again afloat.—"There's a mannerly miss!" said ——. "Now she's left to herself, she's better behaved.

—By dad!—the *craft's* far more sense than *crew*. —See!—see how she steers herself—straight as a die for the Sampaio!"—The side, thought I, she at *first* should have taken.

Mich.—Oh then, it's yourself that 'ould make the fine *thragedy*-actor.—Bad luck to me, but you bate the dancing-dogs.

Sergeant.—The captain appears to have been placed in an awkward predicament.

Sam.—In this instance, certainly *not*—and, a signal he made to the squadron, in answer to one from a 'single ship,' soon decided the course he intended to pursue.

Sergeant.—What was the signal?

Sam.—"*Non interference*[1]!"

Bob.—But, Sam, we seem to be takin' a ter-

[1] This decision was evidently correct, as will be manifested by the result when the scheme was plainly disclosed; for at night upwards of a hundred troops and watermen attached to the constitutional side, embarked for the purpose of recovering the cargo, but their opponents had set fire to the vessel, and the design of the constitutionalists was thus frustrated.

rible yaw—you don't mean, I hope, to blink the cause.

Sam.—There you *go* again with your shore-goin' paper-readin'-prate.—"The cause, the *cause!*" causing it out like a parcel of cawing crows, without knowing a bit of the cause, that *caused* the cause.

Bob.—Well, Sam—in what ye says I must sartinly say there's summet o' truth.—For often in the tap, at the Nelson's-head, at the back o' the Pint, I've bottled my beer, and jined in *three* thund'ring cheers in toasting 'the cause.'

Sam.—Without knowing the cause of the *toast.*

Bob.—Exactly, Sam—for where's the chap as likes to look unlarnt?

Sam.—Look *unlarnt!*—Look here, Bob!—first learn to look a-head, and, instead of list'-ning to the pilot's prate—trust more to your own soundings, and to a seaman's sense.

Tom.—I knows, *I'd* never trust to a foreign pilot.

Sam.—A foreign pilot!—who would?—In time of danger, he's always the *first* to desert and betray his charge.

Bob.—Well, but Sam, I still keeps on the same tack.—I wants no more than to come at the cause.—(I axes your pardon)—I means the first beginnin' o' the breeze—for if it isn't a reg'lar-built war—what is't then?

Ned.—Why, Bob, yer shore-goin' piebald parliment chaps calls it no more nor a '*civil* war.' But I can tell ye, Tom, and Sam can say the same, its d—d, d—d *uncivil* work.—Now look here, Bob—look here, Sergeant—you seems to me a sort of a sensible sort of a man—just answer me this—Is't mannerly work—is't pretty behaviour, to maim and murder harmless women—to lop the limbs o' little children—to maul and mangle dead bodies as drop in a ditch, or lie on a sandy beach?—Is't *civil* to gouge out eyes—cut off noses—clip ears—or fob the fore-finger or thumb of the first unfortunate fellor as fell in the

"field?—Is that polite behavor?—Answer me *that.*

Sam.—I'm sorry to say it's but too, *too* true.

Bob.—I doesn't deny it,—but sure*ly*, Sam, the Portugee people are never such fightin', fire-eatin' fellows, as to merely fight for fightin' sake?—What are they fightin' for?—What's it all about?

Sam.—There's the rub.—Nor is the question so easily answered.—The Portuguese I've known for years and years;—the lower order, and particularly the peasantry[1] of the northern

[1] "The farther removed from the city and its sophistications, the more does the real character of the Portuguese peasantry appear in its proper light; and certainly there are no people who realize more nearly than themselves the descriptions which poets have so often imagined of rural virtue and pastoral simplicity.—If a stranger appears among them, they make him, quite unsolicited, a tender of every thing he may stand in need of for his refreshment. There does the sportsman pursue his prey through vineyards full of delicious grapes, and melon-fields covered with that fruit, without other barriers to protect them than mutual confidence.—No boards with appalling inscriptions of steel traps and spring-guns annoy the

provinces, have always appeared (at least so to *me*) a perfectly contented and happy people.—But *Mister Bull*, and *Johnny Crappo*, who have not less singularly than suddenly taken for each other such a *fit* of *affection*[1], must now put their heads together, and try to persuade poor '*Jack Portugoose*' that he is the veriest slave that walks the earth—the most miserable dog alive,—that he is totally ignorant of all '*love of liberty*,'—and that *his* happiness is not *that* happiness known to the *poor* of England and of France.—And yet, to *unhappy* Portugal, the poor of both these *happy* nations now flock, and swarm in shoals!—And for *what?*

Ned.—For *what?*—Why, for the '*love*' and '*liberty*' of breakin' the heads of unfortunet fellows, as never, in no way, offended them.

Sergeant.—As for my part, I know but little

sight, and disgrace the national character of generosity, by holding out to you *in terrorem* the prospect of immediate death if you climb over a hedge to pick up your game."—*Sketches of Portuguese Life.*

[1] Particularly the fishermen of the two nations.

of the matter,—but here is a Sunday paper *(pulling one from his pocket)* which says *(opens the paper and reads aloud)* 'that instead of encouraging, or, in any way promoting a war in Portugal, England was not only bound by 'ancient treaties' to preserve peace, but also to become her especial protector, in the event of being assailed by another power.'

Bob.—Sunday papers!—More lies are published on a Sunday than 'oud fill a book bigger than the biggest Bible.—A rascally lie, in a rascally lyin' paper, was the death of as good a woman as ever was wedded to man.—A kinder-hearted soul, a more dutifuller parent, or lovener mother, never, never drew the breath of life.—I belong'd, at the time, to one of the very finest three-deckers in the sarvus,—and, moreover, one as was never likely to be lost in a lubberly way. We was bound up the Straits.—Well, scarcely we clears the Channel, afore, in one of those thund'r-ing long fathoms of falsehoods, as your Lunnun news-sellers stick outside the shutters o' their

shops, there was printed in large lengthy letters —'*Loss of his Majesty's ship St. Vincent, and all her crew, on the coast of Portingale!!!*'

'Twas no more nor nat'ral, you know, for the name of the *son's* ship to catch the *mother's* eager eye.—But afore the poor old soul could give it a second glance, she gives a scream as would 'ave fairly rent the hardest heart—drops flat on the flags—and instantly *dead* at her daughter's feet.—Bill, ye 'members my sister Bet?

Sam.—A crueller case I never heard.—But, talking of lies, the most circumstantial lie that probably was ever committed to print[1], was published in an Irish provincial paper.—

[1] "We have been favoured during the week," says the *John Bull* (March 23rd, 1834), "with an entirely new battle and victory over the king's troops in Portugal, the history of which turns out to be exactly as true as most of the intelligence made for similar purposes. The only Portuguese battles we believe in are the battles between the *bulls* and *bears* of the Stock Exchange.

"One thing we should recommend the battle-makers particularly to avoid;—we mean the '*lie circumstantial*' (as Sheridan has it.)—In the *Courier* of Friday the account of the last *defeat* of the Royal army is given in a letter from Major Brownson.—

Mich.—God help poor Ireland!

Sam.—It was during the winter season.—The ship was cruizing on the coast of Galway.—Our '*lamentable loss*' was most minutely and pathetically told:—the number of *bodies* driven on shore—a circumstantial description of the captain's gold-laced coat, found in a box on the beach—also the desk of the first lieutenant, containing a variety of private letters, and, among others, several closely *crossed*, in a small, delicate, female hand, breathing expressions of the warmest affection.—I nearly can repeat the paragraph word for word.—Well, on our return to port, and upon opening the papers, as was his custom on the capstern-head, the ship's '*loss*' was the first thing that caught the captain's eye.

This is a bad shot.—Major Brownson certainly was in Portugal, but he has not been there lately; and as far as what has recently occurred in that country, our readers may judge of his opportunities of description, when we state that Major Brownson was *last Sunday* in Hyde Park, where a friend of ours shook hands with him.—So much for *circumstantial* details *authenticated* by respectable signatures."

—He laughed heartily, and joked the first lieutenant upon his '*affectionate*' epistles.

Ned.—People should do as I do—pitch all papers to the devil—and never believe in nothin' as you can't swear you *seed* with your own two precious peepers.—I'm sure, in the Douro, more *lies* were launched in a day nor ever Tom Pepper could coin in a month.—Sam, d' ye 'members the thund'ring thumpers they spread in Oporto about sellin' the powder to——.

Sam.—Stop, stop, Ned—keep your leg back a-bit;—we'll have it all, *all* in time.—We must, first of all, satisfy Bob.—Come, Ned, suppose you try;—no one can do it better.

Ned.—Well, I doesn't care if I does.—But before I begins you must all endeavour to larn to *listen*.—An' what's more, larn the names of all the parties consarned—them, you know, as *bred* the *breeze*.—

In course you knows its never no more nor a reg'lar royal row—not that 'tis a bit the worse for

that—for I never gets *royal* myself, that I doesn't reg'larly get in a row.

Well, the first, you know, the *first* as bows the list is Don Mogul.—*Don*, you know, stands for *Mister* in Portugee.—Then there's Donna Maria—*Donna's* the same, or all as one, as our *Miss*.—Then there's Don Pedro—he as we had at Oporto.—Then two o' the sisters o' Mister Mogul.—Then the Marquess o' this, and the Duke o' that, and all the rest o' the Royal family, kickin' up Bob's a dyin'—'bout what d'ye think?

Bob.—What?

Ned.—Why, a foolish family splice.—There's Donna Maria mocks Mister Mogul, and calls him no more nor a big *babe*.

Sam.—An *infant*, Ned.

Ned.—Well, where's the diff'rence?—But Sam's *so* precious partickler.—Well, there's Donna Maria calls Mister Mogul a reg'lar-built infant-babe;—then on t'other tack, Don Mogul

says Miss Maria's never no more nor a nursery *child*;—then there's the father o' *one*, an' brother o' *t'other*, boxin' the uncle, and backin' the niece, bekase the King refuses to marry the Queen, or splice th' emperor's daughter.

Bob.—The king refuses to *marry* the queen —splice th' emperor's daughter—father o' *one*, and brother o' *t'other*—uncle, niece, infant, babe, and child!—Why Ned—you seems to me to be makin' a precious *mess* o' the matter.

Sam.—He's perfectly right.

Bob.—But, Sam, *Boney'd* never a daughter?

Sam.—*Boney!*—where are you bound to now, shaping a course for St. Helena?

Bob.—Never, by *Ned's* chart.

Ned.—Chart, or no chart, yer reg'larly out in yer reckin'.—Don't you know as Jack Portugoose's a reg'lar queer-un;—take him ashore, or take him afloat, he's the rummest ways in the world, never, *never* does nothin' like any one else:—'stead of, like any other sensible man, satisfied with never no more nor one *steady*

hand at the helm,—the fellow's never content, unless he's a parcel o' copper-coloured, pratin', jabberin' beggars, surroundin' his wheel, crowdin' his cun, an' takin' reg'lar possession of both his binnacles.—Who *yet* ever seed a *single* Portugee pilot take charge of a craft.—Why, bless ye, a bit of a light schooner, or brig in ballast, must have her five or six warpin'-boats, thirty or forty two-fisted fellows, all ballin' and bellowin' together—ay, an' abusing one another, worse nor a bunch o' Billingsgate beauties;—whilst four or five o' your 'master pilots,' as never can *master* nothin' but noise, are stunnin' your ears, confusin' your crew, and setting all in a flurry afloat by the thund'ring row and nitty they makes in cunnin' the craft.—'Hard-a-starbor—Starbor-a-hard—Starbor *yet*—Port—Port-a-hard—Hard-a-port'—hard up and hard down—tryin' to make a body believe as the easiest manageable matter was the hardest work in the world.—And so it's exactly the same with them as rules, or tries to rule the land.

Haven't they a reg'lar-built King in commission?—Haven't they a paid-off Emperor tryin' to hoist his pennant again?—Haven't they a new-launched Queen, as still remains unmann'd?—Haven't they a rated-regent?—Haven't they more than a double-bank'd minister's crew, and a double allowance of ministers' mates?—Haven't they a noble army o' *Mortars*, swarms o' fightin' Friars, and shoals o' nursin' Nuns?—Haven't they all them—ay, an' a million more, crossin' each other on opposite tacks—an' each tryin' to weather the t'other?—Come, take the turns out o' *that* if you can.

Sam.—Bravo, Ned—never was a clearer statement.

Sergeant.—Still the papers declare that Don Miguel is *not* the *rightful King!*

Sam.—Yet these same swaggering papers, whose columns are so constantly filled with the common-place cant of the '*people's right*'—the '*people's voice*'—the '*people's choice*'—the '*people's this*,' and '*the people's that*,'—are now so

inconsistently stupid and blind to their own doctrines, that they must needs *deny* to '*the people*' of Portugal the undeniable right of selecting their own sovereign. But the fact is, in the present contest *Mister Bull* has been the principal mischief-maker:—had he, like a well-disposed, peaceable person, quietly remained at home, or withdrawn from the rude '*ring*,' leaving the royal wranglers to settle their own quarrel, a week's work, or a month's at most, would have brought the matter to a decided close, and saved, if not centuries of trouble, certainly torrents of blood.

Ned.—Exactly, Sam.—You an' I has a bit of a breeze—well, we'll say, its all about a matter o' reg'lar *right*,—Sam says as Ned's *wrong*, and Ned says as Ned's *right*.—Well, there's only one way to bring the bis'ness to a reg'lar clinch, that's to side-it-out in the bay[1] below.—Well, Ned makes for the bay, and Sam follows, in course,—both reg'larly strips to the buff, and, as

[1] Fore part of the lower deck.

soon as each is firmly fixed, seated across the chest, and fairly fronted face to face, two or three clod-hoppin', cowardly, grass-combin' beggars seizes Ned by the neck, bundles him under the table, keeps him *down* for Sam to kick an' cuff—whilst a parcel o' light-finger'd fellors, shammin' friendship at first for Sam, but gullin' him all the while, breaks open the mess-chest, guts the bags o' both, an' bolts with every trap and rag o' riggin' belongin' to *all* in the *berth*.

Tom.—And if so be as that's the way as they means to settle the score in Portingale, Mister Mogul, in course, *must* go to loo'ard at last.

Sergeant.—As to who's likely to gain the day, is to me a matter of perfect indifference—tho' I must confess I should be sorry that a man who is represented by all the public papers—(and it's impossible they can be *all* in error) as the most cruel, despotic, tyrannical monster that ever swayed a suffering people, should succeed.—Why, it would seem, that he even *descends* to assassination!

Sam.—Assassination!—Bless ye! he's a regular practised murderer.—Ned, if you remember when *we* were in the *Douro*, he managed to murder two of his principal generals with his *own hand!*—One of them, however, was, to be sure, a sort of ready-*resurrection*-man—having recovered *three* different *deaths!*

Sergeant.—How d'ye mean?

Sam.—*Mean!* Perhaps the recital of an anecdote or two may serve to explain.

Sergeant.—I'm all attention, and always open to conviction.

Sam.—No doubt.—But to begin.—The captain had been invited to witness a review on the South-side;—and being naturally anxious to see the state and condition of the Royalist troops, he at once accepted the general's invitation.—It happened, however, that before he could proceed to the Miguelite camp, he had occasion to visit the consul at Oporto.—According to custom, I attended the captain, and hardly had he left the consul's office, before he was accosted by an

English gentleman [1], who inquired the reason of his apparent haste.—"I want to be in time," said the captain, "to see Lemos review his troops."—"Lemos?—you'll *never* see *Lemos* again!—Don't you know, that last night, that devil incarnate—that monster Miguel, murdered the unfortunate man in a dungeon?"—"Well," said the captain, "we certainly had heard a *rumour* of his having been under an arrest."—"Too true, Sir—did the deed with his *own* hand—masked, at midnight—enters the general's cell—takes advantage of his reclining posture—plunges his dagger up to the hilt in his heart—and, demon-like, leaves the instrument of death *sticking* in the bleeding body, so as to make it appear that the unfortunate man had destroyed himself—and, for what reason? Merely because the monster took it into his villanous head, that Lemos of late, had been too *sparing* of his

[1] This individual was not a resident of Oporto, but one of the numerous adventurers who visited the 'Heroic city.'

shells, and too *lenient* to the people of Oporto.—The fact is, the general had acquired some little reputation for humanity—and with Miguel, that was in itself sufficient he should no longer *live.*" "Poor man!—I shall, nevertheless," said the captain, in one of his half-and-half waggish ways —"I shall, nevertheless, endeavour to see him, *dead* or alive!" and the gentleman not seeming to relish the captain's marked incredulity, pettishly returned—"Oh, we *all* know that captain ———'s never disposed to believe any thing *bad* of that hated monster."—"Well, good, bad, or indifferent, on my return you shall have the *truth,*" said the captain, leaving his informant muttering something to himself, which sounded to me like infatuated toryism.

We then crossed the river in the gig, and proceeded direct for the Miguelite camp.—The captain rode on horseback—I followed on foot. The Serra battery had already opened a warm fire in the direction of *St. Ovidio*—the head-quarters of the royalist general—for you must

know, it was only necessary for a cocked-hat, or a feathered-cap, at any time, to 'heave in sight,' to ensure, from either side, a tremendous fire.—Giving, however, the batteries a bit of a berth, and taking a somewhat circuitous round to avoid the bursting shells, and thick-coming shot, which were topping the walls—thinning the woods—and levelling trees in all directions, we discerned at a little distance, descending the hill, a mass of mounted military officers, in rapid trot for the troops, which already had broken on the view with their bright barrels, and glittering bayonets, extended in a long line across a neighbouring field.—"Come," says the captain, "come, we shall *soon* ascertain the truth"—when immediately upon 'joining to,' the very first *man*, who returned the skipper's salute, was fat Lemos[1] himself, riding in front of his staff.—"Well!" said the captain, turning to the

[1] By recent accounts, it would appear that this humane officer is now commander-in-chief of the royal army.

Viscount T——o, who was as intimate and familiar with all the officers of our squadron, as I am with any of you—"Well! I *must* say, Viscount, that your general is decidedly the fattest—best looking—and best mounted *ghost* of his day."—"Vat, ghost?—vat is de matter?" said the viscount, at a loss to comprehend the captain's meaning, for I was as close to both, as I am now to Bob—having only that moment, handed the skipper his cloak.—"Vat is de matter, my good friend?"—"Nothing—I was merely about to remark," said the skipper, endeavouring to smother a smile—"that the general seems to be dreadfully *subject* to *sudden* death!"—"He *die* on de sudden?"—"Yes, for I understand that this is the *second* time within this month, that Don Miguel has stabbed him with his *own* hand.—By the by," continued the captain, "has the commander-in-chief recovered his recent *death?*"—"The Commander-in-chief did not *die!*"—"What, then, you're not aware that on the North Side, the day before yesterday, during a

discussion as to the propriety of attacking Oporto, that Don Miguel drew his sword, and instantly run the count thro' the body?"—"The Count St. Lorenço does not *yet* know he was *killed* by de king," said the viscount, laughing; "but he will be here himself in half de hour, so you can see for yourself."—"I am particularly fortunate," said the captain, "for it's not every day that the ghosts of two General-officers are to be seen *gratis*."

And now, sergeant, will you believe it, that these same *fabricated* '*facts*,' under the head of 'MIGUEL THE MONSTER!!!' found their way into several of the English papers?

Sergeant.—Give a dog a bad name, to be sure. But still, Sam, every one seems to say that Donna Maria is the *rightful* queen, and she, and *she* alone, has the *right* to reign.

Sam.—So they *say* in England.—But what do they *say* and *do* in Portugal?—What did the politicians in England tell her royal father?—"Effect a landing any where you like, on the

coast, and the rejoicing multitude, to a *man*, will immediately rise in your daughter's favour."

Ned.—*Rise!*—A precious sight more *fell* nor ever rose to *rise.*

Sam.—Right, Ned—but the fact is, the people in England know as much about the people in Portugal, as the people of Portugal know of the people in England;—and as to who has the legitimate right to reign [1], that ques-

[1] Innumerable are the party pamphlets which have appeared both in London and Paris, upon this disputed point. The following is extracted from a popular periodical.

"John VI., king of Portugal and Brazil, had two sons, Pedro and Miguel, and two or three daughters. Pedro is married, and has a son and daughters, of whom Donna Maria, is the eldest. There is no question, that if Dom John had died in the sovereignty of the *united* kingdom of Portugal and Brazil, Pedro would have succeeded to the united throne, and after him his son, and that neither Donna Maria nor Dom Miguel would have had any right whatever. King John and his whole family had retired to the Brazils on the French invasion of Portugal; but, on the settlement of Europe, he returned, leaving his eldest son, Dom Pedro, regent of Brazil, and as such, Dom Pedro, at his installation in that office, took a solemn oath of allegiance to the king, his father, and to the crown of Portugal. Actuated, however, by the same spirit which had spread over other parts of the South American conti-

tion, sergeant, is not to be discussed in a 'dog-watch.'

ficent, Brazil soon showed symptoms of a design to cast off the nominal yoke of the mother country, and to proclaim its own independence. This design was communicated by the regent Dom Pedro to the king his father, in a letter, dated 4th Oct. 1821, in the following words:—

"It is wished to secure the independence through *me* and the troops; but by neither have those ends been obtained; *nor shall they be:* because my honour and that of the troops is a greater object than the whole of the Brazil. They (the independent party) wished, and still say they wish, to proclaim *me emperor.* I protest to your Majesty, *I will never be a* PERJURER: and that I will never be false to you; and that they may do so mad an act if they choose, but it shall not be till after *I* and all the Portuguese shall have been cut to pieces. This is what *I swear* to your Majesty; at the same time writing in this letter, *with my own blood,* the following words:—"*I swear to be ever faithful to your Majesty, to the Portuguese nation and constitution.*"—(Juro sempre ser fiel a V. M., a naçaõ, et a constituçaõ Portugueza).

No doubt, Dom Pedro was at this period, and in these sentiments, sincere, and had no desire to exchange the not-distant prospect of the ancient and settled throne of Portugal for the slippery and imperfect sovereignty of the proposed empire of Brazil; but local circumstances became too strong for either his personal wishes or his public engagements—Brazil declared itself an independent empire, and the ties between it and the mother country being thus, *de facto,* cut for ever, Dom Pedro considered himself justified—in spite of his original oath

Bob.—No, Sam—confound your politics;—let's have some of your own doings in the

of allegiance, and the recent oath written *with his own blood* —in accepting, on his own behalf and that of his children, (his eldest child and heir presumptive, observe, being at that time *Donna Maria*—his son not being yet born,) the style and office of 'Constitutional Emperor of Brazil.' This occurred in May 1822.

What then became the state of the Portuguese succession?—By the laws of the *Cortes of Lamego*—the fundamental act of the Portuguese monarchy—it was provided, that none but a '*Portuguese*' could come to the crown of Portugal. It was therefore, under this ancient law tolerably clear that Pedro; by thus accepting the sovereignty of the Brazilian empire, which was not only separate and independent, but had actually *declared and waged* WAR against Portugal—had ceased to be a '*Portuguese.*'

But all doubt on this point is removed by another more recent but not less fundamental law of Portugal. On the re-establishment of the kingdom under the house of Braganza, in 1640, a constitutional compact was entered into between 'the king and the three estates of the realm in Cortes assembled,'—at once the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Settlement of Portugal. By this instrument the resolutions of the *Cortes of Lamego* were confirmed generally, and the question of the succession of the crown still more explicitly determined;—for it provides—

"That the succession of this kingdom shall not at any time come to a *foreign prince nor to his children;* notwithstanding they may be the *next of kin to the last king in possession.*"

Douro.—What brought you *there* at all,—for if you wasn't to box or bottle-hold,—where was ever the use of your remaining in the river?

These words seem as if they had been devised on purpose to meet the exact case. Dom Pedro, though next of kin to King John, had now become undeniably not only a *foreign* prince but a *hostile* sovereign, and therefore neither he nor his heiress Donna Maria could succeed to the crown of Portugal. What follows is still more in point, and quite decisive:—

"And further, when it happens that the sovereign of these realms of Portugal shall succeed to any larger kingdom or lordship, he shall always be bound to *reside* in this, and having two or more male children, the *eldest* shall succeed to the *foreign* kingdom and the *second* to this one of *Portugal*."

The instrument then proceeds to provide that if the king has but one son, Portugal shall be separated and allotted to that son's children, on the before-mentioned conditions; and if he leaves only daughters, then the eldest daughter shall succeed to Portugal, on condition of marrying such native Portuguese as the three estates assembled in cortes shall select. And if such daughter shall marry in contravention of this regulation; the three estates shall elect a native-born king.

It is clear, from both the letter and spirit of these fundamental laws, that the old dominions of Portugal having been, *during the life-time of King John*, separated into two distinct and independent realms, the eldest of John's two sons, Dom Pedro, and *his descendants*, were properly called to the foreign kingdom—Brazil; and that the younger, Dom Miguel, was entitled to succeed to the throne of Portugal.

The only quibble that could possibly be made against this

Sam.—The cause of our entering the river I know not—but it was generally presumed for the purpose of 'protecting British persons and pro-

clear and rational construction of the law, is as to the point *from which* the departure and separation should be reckoned. If it occurred in the person of Dom John, the case is clear—Pedro should inherit Brazil and Miguel Portugal; but the Pedroites may allege that it began with Pedro—that *he* was the point of separation, and that it was *his* eldest son that should possess Brazil, and *his* next heir Portugal. Common sense and the historical fact equally reject this latter supposition, for not only did the separation take place *some years* before the death of John VI., but there were actual hostilities and subsequent treaties of reconciliation between the two independent states. But, as if to remove even quibbles of this nature, and to bring the case within the express *letter* of the laws of 1640, King John had not only, on his own accession to the crown, in 1815, erected 'the *state* of Brazil into the dignity, pre-eminence, and title of a *kingdom*,' but before he finally consented to the treaty of separation in favour of Pedro, he effected in his own person the separation of the crowns, and assumed and bore the double title of King of Portugal and *Emperor of Brazil*, and having done so, he *then* conveyed to Dom Pedro the latter title and the sovereignty of that empire. And his treaty with Dom Pedro distinctly states and recognises that he, Dom John VI., was *Emperor of Brazil*, and was to bear the *imperial* title for his life;—thus fulfilling *to the very letter* the provisions of 1640, for Dom John thus became possessed of two separate dominions—the larger of which then devolved on his elder son, Pedro, while Portugal became vested in the younger, Miguel.

perty,' on the 23d of September, in company with the *Childers*, Captain D——, the then senior officer, we entered the Douro.

Tom, (aside.)—I told you he was a reg'lar-built walkin' log.

Sam.—On the 28th the captain's steward of the *Childers* was mortally wounded—shot in the loins when standing on the forecastle. The circumstance, at the time, occasioned a great sensation,—for we were then strangers to the assassinating system of murdering individuals by musketry across the river, and of course had not calculated that lookers-on were as likely as others to lose their lives.—The accident originated in a foolish frolic on the part of some of the Oporto watermen, who had early in the morning capsized from the cliff abreast of the British squadron, a parcel of empty pipes, which it had been supposed the Miguelites had there placed for the purpose of building a battery.—Well, encouraged by their morning's work, these brave barcadoes were again induced to ascend the hill:—

but hardly had they reached the summit before they were seen scampering down, as if the d—l was after them, flying from a handful of armed guerrillas;—for at this time, with the exception of the 'Pine-battery' abreast of Oporto, there was not to be seen a single *gun* or solitary soldier on the southern side of the river.—The frightened manner in which the Oporto pipers took to their heels caused such general mirth afloat, that the forecastles of both ships were crowded with their crews, enjoying the joke.

Ned.—But Sam, 'twas no joke, nor never a laughin' matter, when the bullets began to buzz about.

Sam.—Certainly not, for it became an immediate matter of necessity to order the people below.—But to the piperly *pipers* in taking to the boat on the beach, and ultimately seeking shelter under the lee of the *Brittomart*, British bark moored within a biscuit's throw of the *Childers*, may be solely attributed the galling fire brought upon both ships.—The Britomart

became peculiarly conspicuous, from having just discharged on the constitutional side a cargo of heavy guns.

Ned.—*There* was more o' your British buntin', —you see no good never comed from a dirty deed.

Sam.—*Our* captain was on board the *Childers;* —indeed he was there for a considerable time before the accident had occurred.—The musketry, however, became so annoying that he was compelled to remain with Captain D—— for nearly a couple of hours.—The captain of the *Childers* appeared to be much affected when he saw his steward bleeding upon the deck.—Poor fellow! —a finer young man I never saw;—though suffering intense pain, and perfectly sensible of his danger, not a murmur nor moan escaped him;— but when borne below he fixed upon his master an indescribable *look*, which seemed to cut the kind-hearted captain to the quick.

Bob.—*There*,—that was the time 'as *I'd* a-brought the beggars to their bearings.—*I'd*

a-wapped 'em—*I'd* a-sarv'd 'em out with round an' grape—*I'd* a-larnt 'em what it was to fire on the English pennant[1].

Sam.—You would have done *no* such thing.—For first of all, whenever you thrust yourself between a boxing-party, you must make your mind up to receive from one or the other a black eye, or a bloody nose;—and next, Mister Bob, you must please to remember, that before you begin to *bully* you must be *certain* that you are able to *bite* as well as bark.

Bob.—Why, as ye says, ye was sent there purposely to protect British persons and property; in course, I takes it, ye could sartinly *protect* yourselves.

Sam.—Lord, help you!—you know but little of the matter.—To say nothing of the facility with which from the heights over head, a regiment of caccadores, looking down on your decks, and judiciously dispersed amid trees and rocks,

[1] The symbol of a vessel of war.

could annihilate the crews of vessels whose quarters afford no *shelter* from murdering musketry; any man, knowing the truck from the trunnion of a gun, might, in less than the turn of a tide, have sunk every ship in the river.

Ned.—Why, ye knows they were more, ay, nor *three* months afore they thinks of building a battery to command the bar.

Sam.—Of all people in the world the Portuguese are decidedly the most encouraging and accommodating enemies. For *three* months the Douro was a perfect forest afloat.—Among the *Neutralists* the scene of business and bustle was beyond belief.—British steamers, with broad burgees and large swaggering ensigns, were constantly crossing the bar—whilst schooners, cutters, sloops, brigs, barks, and craft of every size and sort, were seen on the northern side discharging every manner of missile and implement of war.—The beach and wharfs were literally strewed with shot, shell, belts, bayonets, cutlasses, saddles, bridles, pistols, pikes,—to say

nothing of the *tons* of powder and *thousands* of muskets transported and transporting to the town on creaking-cars [1].—Then, again, transports with *union*-jacks and *tri-coloured* flags flying at their mast-heads, and crowded with the latest *liberated* liberals, for the 'liberating army,' were daily entering the Douro, receiving and returning the cheers of every contemptible craft or Botany-Bay bird they might happen to pass in their run up the river.—Nor during this period did the Miguelites ever offer the smallest molestation, though a few guerillas or riflemen properly dispersed on the southern side, might have sent all the cockney cads, strolling players, and

1 "The carts made use of in Portugal for every kind of purpose are heavy and clumsy beyond conception.—The wheels are immoveable on the axletree; the diameter of the former, which are solid, is usually but three feet, and their greatest thickness is towards the centre, the circumference of the wheel being comparatively narrow, and bound with iron, which is fixed on with huge nails. The axletree is of wood, and from ten to twelve inches thick, and it and the wheels move together with an abominable squeaking and croaking under the clumsy body of the cart."—*Portuguese Sketches.*

French hair-dressers, flying below like smoke and oakum.—But, as Ned says, 'twas the British Bunting, and the British Bunting alone, that intimidated the Miguelite troops.

Ned.—Sam, if I remembers right, 'twas the dientical day after Captain D——'s steward was shot as the admiral's purser was brought alongside the *Childers* bleedin' in a Portugee boat.—We hears at the time he was mortally wounded. —He seemed, poor gem'man, to suffer terrible tortur.

Tom.—Ay, 'twas a terrible distance to take him back to his ship in an open boat.

Bob.—Why, where was the ship?

Tom.—At anchor off the Bar;—the *Asia* and *Talavera* too.

Sergeant.—Pray when was the purser wounded?

Sam.—'Twas on the 29th of September, St. Michael's-day—a celebrated day with the Portuguese.—The previous night had been extremely foggy, and availing themselves of this

convenient cover, the Miguelites, early on the following morning, attacked the town with a formidable force.—The Pedroites were nearly dished;—the French were driven from their posts, and the British troops literally surprised in their barracks.—But rallying again, both regained their ground, fought desperately[1], and receiving timely succour from a volunteer troop of horse, saved the city from inevitable capture.—The Miguelites, in fact, were within the con-

[1] Upon this occasion the gallant Colonel Burrell was killed—Captain Chinnock, and Lieutenants Woolridge and Walsh severely wounded.—These young officers evinced the most undaunted courage.—Poor Chinnock was subsequently wounded in a sortie on the north of the city—and since, when returning home for the recovery of his health, drowned at sea.—He was a gallant soldier, and a great favorite with his brother officers. Young Woolridge was the admiration of the British troops.—On one occasion, perceiving the English line giving way, and flying from a superior Miguelite force, he threw off his jacket—trampled it under foot, vowing, before the panic-struck troops, he never would resume the *scarlet* uniform unless the British returned to the charge.—With difficulty Colonel Williams succeeded in again bringing his battalion to a stand, and ultimately recovered a strong position the Royalists had already taken, and which, if retained for a fortress, would have completely commanded the city lines.

stitutional *lines*;—but the Portuguese can never *see* an advantage, or be brought to follow up a successful charge. The slightest resistance, or appearance of a steady stand, sets them all agog, creates confusion, and retreat becomes the order of the day.—And then it is that they suffer severely.—In their flight from the *Bonfin* the Miguelites were cut to pieces;—the round, and grape, and particularly the *Congreve*-rockets from the constitutional lines, literally mowed them down in masses.—Many of the officers *without* as well as within the Douro had that morning made a party to visit the lines, totally unprepared to witness the attack, or the dreadful slaughter that ensued.—And it was in this way, as a mere spectator from one of the Oporto heights, that the purser of the *Asia* was wounded, —a musket ball entered his side.

Ned.—Welly Sam, you may say what ye like about Mogul's troops makin' starn-boards and turnin' tail;—but the day as they attacked the

Sarah[1] convent (called, in course, after some old maiden mother abbess), there wasn't a fellor as witnessed the fight afloat, as wouldn't take his reg'lar bob on the book, that wickeder and williner men never walked up to their work.—In all my born days I never seed a bitterer bis'ness.—'Twas Sunday, ye know, and moreover the birthday of some bishop, or saint, or summet o' the sort;—for ye see the Portuguese are terrible chaps for convartin' *birth*-days into days o' *death*. —Howsomever, 'twas warm work, and that too in more ways nor one, for a more swelterin' day I never felt.—And how Mogul's men could a bore such a burden on their backs, much more manage a musket, is to me a reg'lar-built pauler. —There they were, under a hot scorching sun, hot enough to brile a beef-steak on the spare-anchor flake, buckled, an' belted, an' *knapsacked*, an' *haversacked* up to very neck, as they rushed on to the walls o' the work.

[1] *Sevra.*—Vide account of in Napier's Peninsular War.

Sergeant.—In that way we always fight in the army.

Ned.—An' *we* always strips to the buff—which is best?

Sergeant.—Never mind now,—but did they regularly batter and breach?

Ned.—*Batter?*—Ay, their very brains out, with stones from the Sarah side;—and if the batteries didn't bang away from the city side, my name's never Ned.

Sam.—'Twas certainly awful work.—How men pretending to the title of *Generals could* direct such stupid attacks appears to be a perfect puzzle.—And, what is still more unaccountable, whilst they were discouraging their troops by following up these unsuccessful assaults, they were permitting swarms of foreign mercenaries to enter the river unmolested, and allowing cargoes of munitions of war to be unloaded under their very eyes.

Tom.—Whilst at the very same time *both* sides (for one was just as bad as the t'other) was all

day long amusin' 'emselves behind walls and window-shutters, poppin' individually at each other (as the skipper used to call it) in the most promiscuist possible manner.

Sam.—Yes—for to have dislodged a workin' or military party would have been performing a service *too* essential to have accorded with their *civil* system.

Sergeant.—Did they lose many men attacking the Serra?

Sam.—The correct number is still a secret—but there can be no doubt several hundreds fell. —The action lasted from three in the afternoon till half-past six in the evening.

Bob.—Then, in course, ye could see the fellows fight.

Sam.—I thought Ned had told you as much. However, the tops and rigging of both ships were crowded,—for the position of attack was too distant to endanger in any way the people aloft.

Bob.—After this, I suppose you'd a bit of a spell?

Sam.—For the following fortnight both sides were busily employed,—one in strengthening their lines, and the other in building batteries,—for the Miguelites now began to be awake;—and singular to say, when they did 'set too' with a will,' their works were completed with astonishing rapidity.

Tom.—*No*, they wasn't long a-knockin' the Sampaio up.

Sam.—At battery building the Portuguese are excessively expert, and particularly in the vicinity of the Douro.—The quantity of empty pipes, and every description of cask they can command at a moment's notice, affords them ready material to build a breast-work.—The *Sampaio* was, in fact, a formidable fortress, commanding the mouth and lower extremity of the river.—Previous, however, to its opening, the *Childers* departed the Douro.—We then became '*senior* officer.'—Our squadron consisted of the *Orestes*, *Nautilus*, *Etna*, *Leveret*, and *Echo* steamer. The *Childers* sailed on the 5th of November.—

At this time another grand attack on the town was fully expected.—From being what they call a calendar day, or rather a holiday, the 16th of the same month was the period assigned for the ensuing assault.—Preparations of defence were accordingly made.

Ned.—Ay, an' don't ye remember, such o' Don Sartorius' [1] ships as could cross the bar comed into river, and took up their berths abreast of the lower road.

Sam.—From drawing too much water the two constitutional frigates were compelled to remain *without.*

Tom.—An' *lucky* for 'em!

Sam.—Nevertheless, though not moored in what might be considered a reg'lar line-of-battle, Sartorius's squadron assumed an imposing appearance.—I think there were two large corvettes, three brigs, a couple of prison ships, and two or three schooners moored in positions best suited

[1] This ill-treated and excellent man was so designated by the seamen of the British squadron.

to defend the Foz, or to act as occasion might require.

Ned.—But Sam, Don Sartorius was himself ashore;—and, moreover, many of his men purposely landed to *man* the batteries.

Sam.—You are perfectly right.—Well, for five or six days every thing remained tolerably quiet, though some of the constitutional brigs betrayed a little impatience to *prove* their ineffective fire. —On the 9th, however, a mortar battery compelled some of Sartorius's squadron to make a move; and on the 10th the Sampaio unmasked, opening a tremendous fire on a corvette commanded by Captain George.—The retreat of the constitutional squadron created no little confusion; for to leave the river was impossible, and to run up was only flying from *shot* to *shell*: —and then it was that the British squadron and the British merchantmen became in an awkward dilemma—for, in taking up their new positions, Sartorius's ships had mingled with both the former.

Ned.—Ay, and 'twas *then* as the skipper had enough to do to make some on 'em boom off.

Sam.—*Some* certainly; but it is but just to state that no vessel commanded by an Englishman evinced the slightest desire to take *shelter* under the British squadron.

Tom.—I dun know whether she was commanded by a Portu*gee*, or any other *gee*, but I knows there was one constitutional craft as was nearly the cause of the little *Leveret's* goin' to glory.—'Twas exactly eight bells, and we hardly pipes to breakfast afore a thund'rin' shell, as in course was intended for the brig alongside the *Leveret*, falls within a couple o' feet o' the *Tenny's* bow, and bursts right under her larboard bilge.

Ned.—But Tom, you 'members the next day —*that* was the day o' days—I'm blest if it didn't bang Billingsgate in the best days of 'Reform.' Mogul's people were shottin' and shellin' in all directions—an', in course, the *t'other* side must do the same.—Turn which way ye wou'd, a thun-

derin' blazin' battery, starin' ye full in the face, was *bombin'* here, and *peltin'* there—and what's more, as seemin'ly unconsarn'd o' *we*, ay, as if, by Joe, we was never no more nor a parcel o' Guinea-slavers.

Sam.—And particularly so on the constitutional side.—Our midshipmen were dispatched in all directions, apprizing the Pedroites of their shameful fire.

Ned.—Well, there was your whistlin' Toms—your twenty-four and forty-two pounders flyin' athwart your folksel and crossin' your poop on opposite tacks; whilst *straight* grenades [1] were grazin' your stays and sticks — curvin'-shells either fallin' short 'longside, (sometimes not more nor a boat-hook's length,) or burstin' over your royal poles, and tumblin' aboard in rascally ragged sharp-pinted pieces.—And mind ye, Bob, all this murderin' mess in the middle of a heavy gale—for it came on to blow blunderbusses—our

[1] Fired from forty-two-pounders.

squadron was reg'larly moored, head and starn, within a bisket's throw of the currenteen ground on Mogul's side;—for you see this was the *third* time the ships had to shift their bobs, clear o' the line o' fire.

Tom.—Line o' fire!—I say Ned, after they builds their batteries 'twould 'ave puzzled a fellow a few to've found a fathom, ay, by Joe, a single *foot* in the river, as wasn't in *pint*-blank of some barkin' beggar or another.

Ned.—No, nor under a cross-fire was it either the coolest or lightest work in the world, to be weighin' your anchors, warpin' your barkeys, and rousin' ashore your bower-chains, over rugged rocks as slippery as slush.—But, as I was a sayin', the next day was the real bobbery.—It comes on to blow one o' the heaviest gales I ever seed,—most o' the ships in the river broke adrift, an' among the rest the *saucy* squad—*chain* stern-fasts, stream-cables, spare messengers, and six-inch hawsers, all went smack smooth, like a parcel o' rottin yarns;—there was the *Etna*

aboard o' the *Nautilus*—the *Nautilus* all but ashore—the *Leveret* and we swinging off to our outer anchors, and ridin' right in the stream, for every craft to come in our hawse.—Then there was sent to'-gallant-masts down on deck—in boats—strike top-masts—cut away here, and boom off there, to clear the different craft as was drivin' aboard ye in every direction.—Luckily, the wind and rain lulled the fire o' the forts.—Had Mogul's people continued their shells I won't say what might have happened.

Sam.—Whether it was the state of the weather, humanity, treachery, or folly that caused a cessation of fire, we never could yet ascertain; but to whatever may be ascribed the cause, it was a fortunate one for the shipping in the river.

Ned.—And if we hadn't the next day enough to do securin' the squadron in its old berth, and that too under another pelting poppery, why then there's never no snakes in Virginny.

Sam.—Disasters now were daily occurring:—the blockading batteries seemed to work an ex-

traordinary change in the conduct of both belligerents;—the constitutional colours were seldom sported, at least on board of Pedro's squadron.

Ned.—No, nor were many on 'em ashamed to take up *inside* berths in the tiers of English traders.—It's a *new* navy as axes marchanmen to *hiver* men-o'-war.

Sam.—They had nothing else for it—the tables were now turned;—nor did the constitutionalists neglect to imitate their enemies in foolish attacks.

Ned.—Why ye know the sogers began to grumble.

Sam.—Yes, the constitutional mercenaries became clamorous for clothing, pay, prog, and other little *promised* perquisites; and, therefore, to give their thoughts another turn, it was deemed advisable 'to *give* them *something to do*;' consequently *sorties* were constantly made, and the hospitals (such as they were) were filling fast.

Ned.—Yes—for ye know 'twas only the very

mornin' after we secures the squadron afresh, that a parcel o' seamen—(I axes your pardon, blue-jackets I should o' said)—bekase it isn't every fellow as takes to *short* togs, you can call a tar.—But 'twas that dientical mornin' as a reg'lar-built boardin'-party lands a little above the line o' our squadron to attack a mortar-battery on the brow o' the hill hangin' over our heads.

Sam.—With a view to carry their opponents' batteries on the south side, a *sortie* had been planned on the previous night—but like all projects planned by Portuguese, the business was completely bungled.—Colonel Swalbach, a fine old German soldier, the very *picture* of Blücher's picture, was entrusted with the command of the expedition.—Swalbach was to cross from the city to the *Serra*, to surprise the royalists in the rear of Villa Nova.—Captain Morgel, who commanded the '*Twenty-third of July*,'—the same brig, which, by the by, we had so nearly *sunk* on the fourth of September—was directed to de-

stroy the mortar-battery erected on the brow of the hill, which Ned has just told you, hung over the British squadron—whilst a larger force of some six or eight hundred troops, were to have crossed the lower extremity of the river for the purpose of carrying the Sampaio.—But by some unaccountable cause, *this* part of the expedition was missing on the morning their services were sought.—Not as much as the shadow of a soldier was to be seen on the 'lower road.'—According to previous arrangement, Swalbach, and Morgel effected a landing with the dawn of day.—But the Sampaio fire-eater (and who the individual was we could never ascertain) either forgot to wake, or to remember his morning's work.

Ned.—I didn't like the way as the blue jackets went up the hill.—Some chaps you seed carrying a *couple* o' muskets—others were hailing the hinder hands to heave a head.—'Stead of all, cutlash in hand, following close in their officer's wake.

Sam.—Captain Morgel, poor man, appeared to be a gallant fellow.—He was far in advance of his men.—He hardly reached the top of the hill before he dropt, mortally wounded by a musket ball.

Ned.—But there were one or two other English gemmen behav'd like Britons.

Sam.—Lieutenant Ruxton, and one or two naval officers in the constitutional service, behaved uncommonly well—tho' their Portuguese friends robbed them of their honours, and received their *ribbons.*

Ned.—What!—for keepin' their legs back?

Sam.—Yes—they should have been knights of the *garter.*

Sergeant.—Did they destroy the battery?

Sam.—Lieutenant Ruxton, and a few English seamen succeeded in reaching it;—but it seems that the implements for spiking the guns, and destroying the works, with which the artificers of the party had been entrusted, were somehow or other left behind.—Consequently there was

nothing gained, but a serious loss sustained in the death of poor Morgel.

Ned.—I knows they brought another precious fire o' musketry about the squadron—an' 'twas never the pleasantest sight in the world to see the poor fellors carryin' their killed commander down the hill.—One officer seemed determined not to quit the body till he sees him reg'larly shipped in the boat[1].

Sam.—That officer had entered into a solemn compact with his deceased friend, that in the event of either falling, the survivor, on no account, was to leave the body behind—for mutilation after death was a revolting thought.—The survivor was a fine fellow; as soon as he saw the deceased embarked—up he went to his work again.—But it was then too late—the

[1] The gallant Captain George, subsequently killed in Napier's action, was the person who removed Morgel's body from the beach. George was not on the expedition, but seeing from his ship a bleeding officer borne by a party of seamen, proceeded direct to the shore, and embarked the remains of poor Morgel, who had then just breathed his last.

seamen were scattered and retreating in all directions.—This was on the morning of the 14th.

Tom.—Why, Sam, I takes it you must have kept a reg'lar log.

Sam.—No, nothing more than merely *scored* the day of the month when any thing remarkable occurred.—But the middle of November was a busy period.—On the 17th the constitutional troops made another *sortie* on the north of their lines.—As usual, the French and British troops bore the brunt.—A few Miguelites were made prisoners; but this was no compensation for the number killed and wounded on the constitutional side.

Bob.—Ned, why does Sam always call 'em the constitutional troops?

Ned.—I doesn't exactly know—unless 'tis that the fellows had the *constitution* o' horses—for I'm blowed, Bob, if they'd any thing better to eat for several months, but beastly bad *Baccalow.*

Bob.—Baccalow?—what the devil's *that?*

Ned.—*What?*—Stinking salt-fish?

Tom.—I say, Sam—wasn't it immediately after this as we had the *Raven's* croak?

Sam.—*Croak?*—'Twas no croaking matter.—'Twas on the 19th, and on that day the British squadron and the British flag were placed in a very awkward position.

Sergeant.—How?

Sam.—The Raven was one of our squadron—tender to the Etna—in fact, a regular 'king's cutter.'—Well, previous to the blockade of the river, which was now fully established by the opening of the Sampaio battery, the *Raven* had been sent to complete a survey of soundings without the *bar*; but bad weather coming on, she was compelled to procure an offing, and consequently was totally ignorant of the existing state of things *within.*—So soon as it was perceived that her object was to enter the river, the signal was immediately 'made and enforced with a gun,' to '*keep the sea*'—for I believe the cap-

tain had already received official notice that it was the *determination* of the government of Don Miguel to prohibit the entrance of every vessel, be they of war, or otherwise.—The signal, however, was not *seen;* and the *Raven*, crossing the bar, with a fair wind, was deliberately fired at by the Sampaio battery.—Perceiving that he was the object of the fire from the fort (for know, there was now '*no mistake*'), the commander of the cutter hove in-stays[1];—but this not seeming to satisfy the blockading blockhead, the fire was continued, until the vessel was actually compelled to anchor *within* the bar, close to the cabadello point, at the very entrance of the river. With his usual activity, the captain of the Etna volunteered to proceed in his boat, to the cutter's aid.—And Captain Belcher himself came in for a tolerable share of shot in getting on board of the Raven—nor did he leave her till he again saw her under weigh.—He then proceeded

[1] Put about.

to the Sampaio battery, and held a parley with the officer commanding.

Ned.—Now, Sam, it seems to me as if the skipper was placed in what they calls a queer quandery—for look here—*I* commands a Portug*ee* squadron—Well!—I goes into Portsmouth-harbour, and that, too, without leave or license from mortal man.—Well, the *First Lord o' the Admirallity*, telegraphs down—'BUNDLE THE BEGGARS OUT.'—But the beggars wont *budge* a bit—but begins to prate, palaver, scratch, and scrawl, about what they calls their nat'ral rights.—Well, there's a reg'lar-built bobbery throughout the *land*.—'The people' o' Portsmouth, in course, refuses to pay their tithes and taxes.—The slop-sellers d——n their buttons, and laugh in their sleeve.—The dock-yard maties *bolt* with all the copper bolts.—The caulkers swear—there's the devil to pay, and never no *pitch* hot—and the whole o' Pint is ready to rise at the pint o' the bay'net.—Well, the big wigs aloft telegraphs down again.—'*Shell Gossy—blow*

up the Brewery—and sink, burn, and destroy every craft as attempts to enter the harbour.'—Well, a Portugee cutter as knows never nothin' o' the nitty, attempts to jine the squadron within; and just as she rounds the 'buy[1] o' the *spit*,' bang goes the sally-port guns—and *about* goes Jack Portugoose turnin' tail like a tinker's devil.—Well, *we* Portugee chaps clap on a mug o' misery—but what can we do?—and even could we battle the watch with the best—I axes you, wasn't we fairly warn'd o' the *worst?*—Didn't they telegraph down, *Bundle the beggars out?*—and so, *Sam*, say what you will, 'twas just the sim'lar way wi' *we* in the *Douro*.

Sam.—Ned, I am not competent to contend for the right of remaining in a blockaded river, but I will say that when the *Raven*, by heaving about, had manifested a decided intention to '*haul* off,' the Miguelites *then*, should have discontinued their fire.—But it is said that they

[1] Buoy.

were provoked to it, by the *Foz* fort on the other side, attempting to cover the cutter.—And certainly, tho' the cutter bore the blue ensign and pendant, yet such symbols were no longer trusted by the blockading party [1].

Ned.—But, Sam, they never prevented any craft whatsomever leaving the river.

Sam.—No, because their object was to clear the Douro of shipping:—and we know that even transports, and those very vessels which had brought heavy artillery and munitions of war for the Oporto party, were permitted to leave the river with *water* and *supplies*, for Sartorius's squadron without;—and though, in fact, a limited time was allowed for vessels to depart the Douro, many preferred remaining within (constantly complaining of the 'insult offered to the *British* flag') to retiring from the *siege*, and returning to England.

[1] *It* eventually became necessary to adopt a symbol which would at once distinguish all packets, boats, &c. employed on His Majesty's service.—The royalists were the first to propose this distinction. It emanated from General Santa Martha.

Tom.—Why, 'twas only a few days after the *Raven's* bis'ness, as a couple o' cavalry craft, with English ensigns flying, breaks the blockade, and enters the river with hay and horses.

Sam.—Yes, and the stupid fellows, too, must take the beginning of an ebb-tide, without having sufficient *wind* to warrant so rash an act.—Had the Miguelites been any thing of marksmen, they must have cut their vessels to pieces; for at one period they had become stationary—not being able to stem the tide.

Ned.—But as soon as the breeze freshens a bit, they comes the rig of reg'larly runnin' for shelter under the lee of our squadron.—Every moment we expects to see the sticks tumbling over the side—for they was firin' over all—and atwixt our masts at the headmost brig, as had brought up on our larboard beam—Ay, an' under this fire we was obligated to heave the squadron ahead, so as to shut in the blazin' battery with the point of land on the starboard quarter—an' wou'd ye believe it, as durin' a

four-hours' heavy fire there was never no more nor *one* horse as was killed—never another man or beast suffered a single scratch—But the pretiest thing as was done at all—

Sam.—Was on the 26th—When the *Gracioso* Constitutional schooner, with colours flying, forced the blockade—ran right up the river, returning her pop-guns on the Sampaio battery.—This was done in excellent style.—The only way it can be accounted for, was, there was not a single officer on board—for by some revolutionary turn or another, a boatswain's mate became the skipper, and accomplished this glorious achievement.

Bob.—*What* did they do for the chap?

Sam.—Whether they rewarded him with the Tower and Sword, I'm not prepared to state—

Bob.—What!—for doin' a dashin' thing!—clap a fellow in the *Tower*, and put him to the *sword!*—Well, after that they must be the rummest beggars in the world.

Ned.—Talking of allowin' vessels to leave the river, d'ye 'members the Sunday, tryin' to run

the rig, and get over the bar with other craft, one of Sartorius's brigs castin' the wrong way, gets ashore?

Sam.—I do—and tho' she was on shore for a whole tide, and exposed to the Sampaio-battery, not a single gun was even *pointed* at her—It would almost seem that the Royalists had not on the south side a person that knew the stem from the stern of a ship.—This same vessel in company with another Constitutional corvette, eventually succeeded in getting out of the river under cover of the night.

Ned.—But Sam—d'ye 'members the *day* as the "*Lord o' the Isles*," steamer, came boltin' over the bar with her swaggering *English* ensign at the peak, an' pennant at the mast-head?

Sam.—Do I remember it!—shall I *ever* forget it?—A more barefaced piece of effrontery, or disgraceful deception was never practised.—There was not a soul in the British squadron that did not, in the first instance, suppose it was the Packet from England—And the Miguelites

themselves, were so completely deceived, particularly after the affair of the *Raven*, that they permitted her to pass up the river perfectly unmolested.—The steamer was crammed with raw recruits, and had also on board a considerable quantity of ammunition, and particularly powder[1], of which the Constitutionalists were so much in want.—The captain at the time was in the town, and upon hearing the circumstances hastened on board to investigate the matter.—His wishes, however, appeared to have been anticipated by Captain Belcher, who had already boarded the steamer and *seized* the pendant,—awaiting the decision of the senior-officer.—After summoning the master of the steamer, who had reg'larly his "beer on board," and taking down the necessary depositions to prosecute the parties, for usurping the king's pendant, Captain B. taking with him the *seized*-bunting, was dispatched to *St. Ovideo*, for the purpose of

[1] At this period, for want of powder, the Constitutional batteries were unable to return their opponents' fire.

satisfying the Miguelite General that the British squadron, had, in no way, participated in this *gross* deception,—and it was said that this prompt, and unexpected disavowal, considerably tended to remove those suspicions and unfavorable opinions (which from the constant abuse of the British flag), the Royalists had such reason to entertain of their former friends—for certainly, they regarded us in no other light than that of enemies in disguise—wolves in sheep's clothing.

Sergeant.—Were the Pedroites aware of your having disabused the Miguelites on the subject of the steamer's trick?

Sam.—Yes,—and the disavowal of this dishonorable deception made for us many enemies.—From *that* moment the captain, and the officers concerned in seizing the pendant, were stamped as "rank Miguelites," and rumours of the most malicious tendency were circulated to their prejudice throughout the town.—And *now* Ned, this gunpowder-plot reminds me of the

rascally report you were about to relate when I cut you short.

Ned.—What, selling the *hundred* barrels o' powder to Mister Mogul?

Sam.—Yes,—tho' I believe it would have puzzled Don Miguel, or any other Don to have found in the whole squadron, a *single* barrel aboard—for every grain afloat happened to be packed in Congreve's "Portable boxes."

Sergeant.—A *hundred* barrels of powder!—how could they manage to propagate such a report?

Sam.—In this way the rumour originated.—The squadron within the Douro was in want of provisions; and the Echo steamer was purposely dispatched to procure a supply from the Nimrod at anchor *without* the bar;—so soon as the *Echo* had shipped her cargo, she re-entered the river, and without anchoring, ran at once alongside the *Orestes*, to avoid the double trouble of loading and unloading boats. It was nearly dusk.—The *Echo's* decks were lum-

bered with bags of bread, and a considerable quantity of beef and pork in barrels:—Well, these same barrels of beef and pork, were, by the people of Oporto, magnified into *barrels of powder*—and twelve of our old friends, the piperly "*pipers*," were ready on oath to attest before the ministerial authorities, that *one hundred* barrels from the *Orestes*, had been landed on the south side, immediately abreast of the ship.

Tom.—What a precious bunch o' beggars!—But bless your soul, they larnt from their betters to live on lies.

Sam.—In the first instance, the matter was treated with perfect contempt; but when it had reached the *Royal* ear, and had been also believed by the *sagacious* ministers of Her Most Faithful Majesty,—it, of course, became necessary to *confirm the fact.*

Sergeant.—I wonder the captain permitted anything like falsehood to remain on record.

Sam.—The captain appeared to treat it in that way which never fails to floor falsehood.

Sergeant.—How?

Sam.—With ridicule.—I shall never forget the '*raker*,' he gave to the Secretary of a certain minister.—The captain had expressed a desire to visit the 'South-side.'—"What do you want to *do* there?" inquired the secretary.—"Nothing more than to *get* my own!"—"Get your *own?*"—"Yes, get paid for the powder I sold to Don Miguel—but, I believe both sides are just alike,—only *promise* to pay."—The gentleman who spoke English remarkably well, acknowledged the *hit*, and moreover declared that he had used his best endeavours to obtain from the Government an official denial of the calumny.

Sergeant.—'Twas too bad.

Sam.—The mischievous and malignant falsehoods, which were with such circumstantiality circulated to the prejudice of the British squadron, never were exceeded.

Ned.—Ay, Sam—d'ye minds the 17th of December?

Sam.—I'm coming to that,—but it will be first

necessary to describe the *doings* of that ill-fated day:—'Twas on a Monday—on the previous evening an expedition was planned for the purpose of cutting-out from a large store, a quantity of wine, for which it was said, together, with the collateral security of the Island of Madeira, the Constitutionalists expected to raise a loan,—tho' it seemed a strange speculation to raise money on *property* in the hands of their *enemies*. The project, however, was said to have been hastily conceived—nor was it denied that the *wine* expedition had been only planned the previous night *over a bottle of port*.—Nevertheless it was kept a perfect secret.—The naval-officer commanding the Constitutional squadron in the river, and who ought to have been entrusted with the transit of the troops, was perfectly ignorant of the intended attack.—This was the more unpardonable, because Captain George had both the ability and means to manage the matter with something of *system*.—The morning's dawn, however, discovered several large boats crossing the

river, crowded with Caçadores, pulling in the direction of our ships.—The captain and officers were completely taken by surprise,—for it soon became manifest that it was the intention of the troops to land under the lee of the British squadron.—"*Here* they are *again!*—at their *old* tricks," said the skipper—"Mister D——— signal for squadron to veer cable!"—The intention of this movement was two-fold,—first, to avoid the inevitable fire which from our close situation to the spot selected for disembarkation, must have been brought upon the squadron,—and next, in the event of the assailing party being repulsed, to afford to them room sufficient to pass unobstructed ahead of our little line.—But this straightforward proceeding was too *much* for the crooked comprehensions of the leader and followers of this ill-fated expedition. This very precaution was subsequently perverted and magnified into motives of the most mischievous and malignant character.—But of that we shall presently speak. —Between six-and-seven hundred men landed

without the least opposition—not as much as a single musket having been fired from the Miguelite side;—although thirty or forty expert marksmen, from the windows of the *Quinta*, situated close to the water's side, and in which a strong picquet was constantly stationed, might have prevented the landing of double the number.

Sergeant.—'Tis our custom in the army for picquets always to retire in time.

Sam.—Perhaps they were right, for they betrayed their opponents into a terrible trap.—We were now in the very act of stowing the hammocks in the netting.—"*Stow* them as high as possible!" said the captain, who had to "turn-out" earlier than his general custom:—"Ship the half-ports on both sides, and let the carpenters bring aft the dead-light ready to place over the gun-room and cabin skylights;—for I promise you, we shall soon have warm work."—"And as soon as we pipe to breakfast, sir," returned the first-lieutenant, "we had better unship the ladders

and keep the people below."—At this time, whilst the troops had drawn-up upon the beach, in tolerable order, the watermen commenced breaking down the walls and barricades leading to the "Lodge," or Store, in which a large quantity of wine was deposited;—and, as there was no opposition, the "*pipers*" appeared to distinguish themselves with *extraordinary* gallantry.—The way cleared, the Caçadores now marched up the hill in excellent order.—They appeared to have it all their own way—whilst the watermen distributed themselves in different directions—some rolling down pipes of wine on planks placed over rugged rocks, and loading their boats with considerable dexterity,—as the more expert in deeds of destruction were busily occupied, *robbing* the church—and ultimately firing one of the most beautiful convents on the river-side.

Ned.—Ay, Sam—'twas sartinly a funny sight to see a bearded beggar bearin' on his back a gilded bishop—or huggin' to his arms a *she*-saint, ay, bigger by Joe,—nor the figure-head of the

Royal Billy—for you see we was let to come on deck, till the bullets begins to buzz.

Tom.—Why, it seems to me as if the "*pipers*" thought there was more to be got by *robbin'* the church nor any one else—for I'm blest, if they didn't strip the convent of every curtain, cushion, an' rag-o'-riggin' the beggars could carry away.

Ned.—Lord bless ye—'Twas every one for himself, and the devil for 'em all.—*There* you seed a big lump of a *gallego*—a chap as was nearly as big as a bullock, either boltin' away with a black pig[1]—or manhandlin' by the horns, and luggin' along an unfortunate ox, as seemed afeard to fall headlong over the breakin' ground of the ragged cliff.

Sam.—Well, half an hour had already elapsed since the troops had proceeded up the hill.—The ship's company and officers had breakfasted, when, as the captain had anticipated, a tremen-

[1] It is a singular fact, that in Portugal the pigs, like the women, are always clad in black—a white pig, as Pat would say, is a *rara avis.*

dous fire was heard immediately over our heads.—The Caçadores were seen in all directions flying as fast as foot could follow, down the different descents and lanes leading to the boats on the beach—but more than two-thirds of the boats, which ought to have been reserved for a hasty retreat, had already crossed the river with some thirty or forty pipes of wine, and the convent-property of which Ned has just spoken.—And, now the scene was truly appalling.—The batteries on both sides opened a terrible fire of round, grape, and canister—The *Torre do Marco* battery on the Constitutional side,—looking down upon our squadron,—attempted to *cover* their retreating troops, left in a most pitiable plight—for the Miguelites, after driving their opponents down to the very water's side, dispersed themselves between trees, and behind rocks, keeping up for four hours a most destructive fire of musketry.—Several unfortunate creatures, ignorant of the *time* of tide, attempted to screen themselves under arches on the banks of the river,

into which the water was fast flowing.—These poor creatures were eventually drowned!—In consequence of the petrified watermen deserting the larger boats on the beach, and leaving the troops to pull themselves across the river, a considerable number of the Third Caçadores run foul of the different stern-fasts and cables of the British squadron.—At this period, a field-officer, who had previously displayed considerable gallantry and coolness in his endeavours to collect together his appalled party, whilst standing erect, immediately abaft the midship-thawt of the boat in which he was embarked, was shot dead by a musket-ball passing thro' his temple.—He fell back upon the gun-whale of the boat, with his steel-sheathed sword lying closely across his chest, and his gloves gently grasped in his right hand. The countenance of this gallant officer, notwithstanding that the lower part of his face was covered with a large black bushy beard, exhibited the most amiable and placid appearance, perhaps, ever seen in death.—He was a

perfect picture of a military hero.—But this occurrence was nothing to that which ensued in a boat lying under the counter of the ship, and filled by fugitive troops, who, smarting under their wounds, and scared by fear, poured forth in broken English their despairing supplications to us for aid.—It was truly heart-rending to hear the entreaties of the poor wretches (now loudly uttered, and now fading into the silence, perhaps of death), and not be able to protect them from the fire to which they were exposed by *friends*, as well as foes?

Sergeant.—Then it was impossible to offer them assistance?

Sam.—Undoubtedly, for the only blue-jacket, besides the quarter-master of the watch ———.

Bob.—In course, that was yourself, Sam?

Sam.—Don't interrupt me, man.—The only person who could show as much as a *nose* on deck, was the man stationed at the stopper of the best-bower cable,—and that poor fellow was shot thro' the lungs, whilst endeavouring to

rescue and rouse under the forecastle, the waterman who had thrown himself in board over the waist nettings, affecting to be wounded.—The bulwarks were positively studded with musket-balls, and the standing and running rigging literally cut to pieces.—The captain, first-lieutenant, two or three of the midshipmen, and the quarter-master of the watch, for upwards of three hours, were grouped together under the poop—and this, too, when thick-coming bullets were flying fore-and-aft, as well as athawt-ships. —How poor '*Porto*,' a beautiful Newfoundland dog, belonging to the second lieutenant, escaped, is quite a matter of astonishment.—There was the unconscious animal running fore-and-aft the deck, playfully picking up the musket-balls, and canister-shot, which rebounded from the breeches of the different guns.

Ned.—But, Sam, you forgets the two boat-load of sogers as boarded the *Echo*—reg'larly boarded the steamer in the smoke.

Sam.—No, I don't—and to show you the odd

notions of *neutrality* entertained by the Portuguese, these fellows no sooner found themselves on the deck of an English vessel of war, than they skulked under the lee of the paddle-boxes, *priming* and *loading*, in order to *pop* at their opponents on the hill immediately abreast of the steamer. Upon this gross violation of decency, the commander of the *Echo* (who, probably, had they been passive, might have afforded them refuge) ordered them to their boats.—Luckily, in retiring on shore, not a man among them received as much as a scratch.

Ned.—That's more nor you can say for the chaps as got on board of the two British brigs—the two marchan'-men moored in shore o' we.—Atwixt fifty and sixty of the Oporto party were crammed in the holds of both—groaning and bleeding in a terrible manner.

Sam.—And when the fire slackened sufficiently to permit medical aid to be sent to the unfortunate sufferers, the captain, taking with him the assistant surgeon, proceeded on board of both

brigs.—The two vessels were lashed alongside of each other.—One was called the '*Lusitania*,' and the other the '*Red Port*.'—They belonged to the same owner, the father commanded one, and the son the other.

Ned.—You means the two Gibbonses, two better and humaner men never drew the breath of life.

Sam.—And what did they get for their humanity?—A terrible peppering from both sides?

Ned.—Yes, and no sooner the skipper, and assistant surgeon lights on the *Lusitania's* deck, nor a volley of Miguelite musketry comes tumbling about them as thick as hail.

Sam.—So much for interference.—Whether this fire was intentional or not, there was some room for a plausible plea.—The Miguelites must have perceived that succour was sent to their enemies. But what will be said of the baseness of that very party, thus befriended at imminent risk, and which, too, at the very moment its suffer-

ing soldiers were receiving benefits at our hands, were circulating throughout the town of Oporto, the most atrocious falsehoods that ever fell from the lip of slander?

Ned.—Sam, you 'members the white-coated curnel—the chap with the glazed-cocket hat—he as was *last* to land, and *first* to fly—well, *he* was the fellow as launched the *lie.*

Sam.—Yes, Ned—you are perfectly right.—Several of their own party (for a Portuguese can never keep a secret) confessed the *fact.*—And it is well known that this white-coated, or rather, white-feathered gentleman, was the *first* to fly to the palace, and poison the ear of his royal master.

Sergeant.—What, Don Pedro?

Sam.—Yes, and their failure was attributed solely to *our cruelty.*

Sergeant.—The cruelty of the *British* squadron!!

Sam.—Yes, the cruelty stated to have been practised by the crews of the English squadron.—

The white-coated *Courier* solemnly assured Don Pedro, and Don Pedro was said to have believed his informant[1], that the British squadron not only *fired* on the retreating troops when crossing the river in their boats, but that our seamen were seen, *hatchet in hand*, hewing down the unfortunate creatures who were clinging on to the chain-cables and stern-fasts of the Orestes and Etna.

Sergeant.—When did you first hear of these false reports?

Sam.—On the evening of the day in question. —As soon as it became dusk no time was lost in acquainting Captain George, the senior officer of the constitutional squadron, of the number of

[1] Although official communication had been made by the British Consul and *other* authorities, demanding a public refutation of these atrocious falsehoods, the '*Liberal* government' refused to contradict the calumny; and the ex-emperor had the good taste, in reply to a spirited appeal from Lieutenant-Colonel H——, to remark, that "he was compelled to give *credence* to the statement of his *own* officers."

the suffering troops on board of the British brigs, at the same time requesting their removal to the hospital on shore, several being dangerously wounded.—After dispatching, at the suggestion of our captain, a couple of boats with silent and steady crews, to effect the removal of the wounded men—for the process became a business of stealth.—George called alongside in his gig, and begged to speak to the captain.—'Good heavens, Sir!' exclaimed Captain George, as soon as he ascended the side, 'how little does this act of humanity accord with the villainous reports now propagated in the town, by which you and the officers of the squadron are calumniated, and are made out to be the most diabolical monsters that ever existed in the forms of men!—But when I go on shore I will give the lie to their vile inventions[1].'

[1] So anxious was this excellent officer and amiable man to contradict the vile rumours above mentioned, that in his haste, he enclosed to Don Pedro's Minister of Marine the original

Ned.—The villains!—Why the very waterman that threw himself aboard us—he as shammed bein' wounded, and was the cause of Mich. Connor bein' shot in the breast, was reg'larly rigged afresh by the ship's company, and sent ashore, togged like a gem'man.

Sam.—The fact is, at this time, strange as it may appear, the English were detested by the constitutional government.—It seemed, as it were, part of the Pedroite policy to create a feeling of hatred against us, and more particularly the officers of our squadron,—and they certainly suc-

hurried note he had received from the British senior officer in the Douro.—It ran thus:—

"*Half-past* 5 P.M., 17*th December*, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Pray lose no time in sending boats for the unfortunate wounded now on board the two British brigs, *Lusitania* and *Red-port*. Send *silent* steady hands (Englishmen), and not d—d noisy jabbering Portuguese.

"Your's, &c."

In removing the wounded from these vessels, which were moored within a few fathoms almost of the Miguelite piquet-house, silence was every thing—the least noise would only have ensured from their enemy a heavy fire.

ceeded.—I speak Spanish, and consequently understand much of the Portuguese language.—The denunciations of the lower class against the British was beyond bearing—the poor deluded creatures were too ignorant to comprehend the neutrality of the British squadron. Nor could they understand vessels breaking the blockade under *British* colours, and the British squadron looking passively on, whilst the Miguelite forts were firing at every craft that attempted to force the entrance of the river.—Of course they immediately set our officers down as either cowards or Miguelites,—reasoning thus—that if they were not one or the other the broadsides of the British squadron would open in defence of vessels of their own nation.—The captain never landed or returned to the ship that the watermen on the wharf did not mutter '*Miguelista*,'—for which compliment the captain frequently gave them a cigar or a chaw of tobacco; for it was better to conciliate than quarrel with such poor besotted creatures.

Ned.—Yes, but Sam, (you knows better than me, in course,) but if I mistakes not, there were chaps lookin' out for the skipper, and not the *lower* order either, as wanted to settle with him a *silent* score.

Sam.—You are perfectly right, Ned.—After the report of our having cut down the sinking soldiers, and fired upon the retreating troops, the Oporto people became so exasperated against us, that the captain issued public orders that no officer should remain on shore after four in the afternoon.—For weeks after anonymous notes were thrown into the stern-sheets of the gig;—sometimes they were addressed to me, and sometimes to the captain—sometimes written in English, and sometimes in Portuguese;—they were all of a nature threatening the captain's life.

Sergeant.—How strange!—What did the captain do?

Sam.—He never altered his conduct, nor wore side-arms, nor arms of any description.—When I spoke to him seriously upon the subject, and

showed him some of these anonymous notes, he said he had received a few letters himself, but that he did not give them a thought; 'for,' says he, 'when people desire to take your life they are not so *considerate* as to give you notice to *quit*.'—These were his very words.—As I said before, he never wore side arms, but always carried a light umbrella, which he used to call his '*ante-assassinator*.'—However, he never went any where, particularly after dark, *without me*, and I generally carried a lump of a black-thorn stick, to keep off the mosquitoes and other mischievous vermin.—On one occasion, however, we had ocular proof of something like a premeditated plot.—Three dark mysterious looking gentlemen were seen dodging about a narrow lane, and occasionally rendezvousing under an arch through which the captain and I had frequently occasion to pass on our way to the wharf. —I made a bit of a bobbery with my stick against the wall, first preparing the captain for action.—The noise, however, seemed to have

the desired effect; the gallant knights-errant walked on, and we took care to keep behind them—for at night time you must never let a Portuguese walk in your wake.—A fortnight after a French officer was murdered in the same lane, but in this assassination there was nothing political.

Sergeant.—It certainly seems to me very strange that the Pedroites should have treated the English squadron so illiberally.

Sam.—You may well say that.—What could they have done without the British squadron?—All their communications, mails, bags, and budgets, were conveyed through the medium of our boats.—The risk that the crews ran from a dangerous bar, to say nothing of the shell and shot and murdering musketry of both belligerents, was never taken into consideration by these *thankless* gentlemen, for it invariably happened that a fire was provoked from one side or other, at the very time our boats were passing and repassing with the mails. On one occasion

the bar-boat was caught *outside* in a heavy gale of wind, and was compelled to bear up for *Matozinhoz,* a small Miguelite town northward of Oporto.—Lieutenant Legard, who had charge of her, nearly lost his life in beaching the boat; —he was laid up on board the Etna for several weeks.

Ned.—Why Sam, 'twas *twenty*-four days afore the poor fellows returned to their ship.—They at last comed over land; and all along the lines the Pedroites' pickets[1] were popping at the Etna's people, though they had a blue ensign flying in front of the party.

Sam.—How our people escaped I know not: —they were constantly exposed, and—

Ned.—For *who?*

Sam.—There's the rub!—And what did they get for it?

[1] In making various attempts to return to the Douro, the crew of the Bar-boat were fired at by the piquets of both belligerents.—Lieutenant Legard, however, 'reported' that his party had been well treated by the Royalists during its stay at *Matozinhoz.*

Ned.—*What?*—Why abuse, to be sure:—what else would you get from a *Portegoose?*

Sam.—Ned, I believe you are half right.—I heard a gentleman once remark—'that you may serve a Portuguese *nine hundred and ninety-nine times*, but refuse the thousandth request, and you make him an enemy for ever.

Ned.—I told you all along they were the rummest fellows in the world:—they do things as would never enter the noddles of other men.

Sam.—Comical tricks were played by both parties; but the Pedroites often had recourse to mean expedients, highly detrimental to their own interests.—Some three or four months after the river was blockaded, the constitutional government became anxious to rid themselves of some troublesome *red*-coated gentlemen, who were consequently put upon the 'invalid list.'—There were also Frenchmen and other foreigners included in the decayed legion.—Their rations were a matter of consideration to the government.—Economy, with every thing but gunpowder,

was the order of the day—(for I promise you the phrase of '*Faz fogo*'[1] was oftener in the mouth of Jack Portegoose than *even* bad-*bacalhão*.)—What was to be done?—'send them home;'—the question was '*how?*'—a Brazilian bark was chartered (as a *Neutralist*) to convey them.—The 'lame ducks' were seen for a fortnight before in *red* jackets parading the deck of this vessel.—On several occasions the captain sent me, and sometimes went himself, to advise these poor fellows to keep out of sight, or else to put on other clothing, for their *scarlet* jackets would only draw on them a fire from their enemies.—'It's easy talking,' said a poor old battered corporal to the skipper one day, 'if I take off my jacket I've nothing remaining but the buff, and that's been scratched quite enough in their dirty service.'—Poor old beggar, he even sold his Waterloo medal for a mouthful of meat.—The captain, however, recommended them all to keep

[1] *Fire.*

below, and not to make such a show upon deck:—but their enemies were not so quick-sighted, or active in watching military movements as they were at popping at harmless individuals;—consequently, so long as the ship was stationary, the gentlemen in scarlet were left unmolested.—On the 5th of January, however, the Brazilian bark attempted to leave the river with her living cargo.—I must premise that the Miguelites permitted all neutralists to depart from the Douro on certain conditions,—and well I knew them—for many is the pull and tramp *I* had to the *Sampaio* battery [1].—The conditions were to this effect, that the master of each vessel should intimate to the Miguelite government that there was no Pedroite property on board, and return a regular manifest of their cargo.—Whether the master of the Brazilian bark considered his cargo as Pedroite property or not I can't say, but he

[1] The gig of the Orestes was constantly employed conveying masters of merchant vessels to the *Sampaio* fort, in order to procure passports.

deemed it prudent never to visit the *Sampaio*, thinking he might venture to pass that battery without holding any conversation with inquisitive people;—he therefore weighs with a light air, and gets becalmed right abreast of the battery.—The Miguelites, (notwithstanding his Brazilian colours [1]) opened a fire upon him, which they continued until he anchored and gave himself up.—It was a beautiful day, and more like a day of July than one of January:—the warmth of the weather seemed to arouse the energies of the moping Migs.—On this forenoon they sank a constitutional armed schooner, which had been moored above the Serra convent.—She was commanded by Captain Hill, who had nearly lost his life with his vessel, and some say his commission for defending her so gallantly;—but suffice it to say, he was an Englishman, and not a Portu-

[1] The Royalists could put no confidence in this flag.—A schooner departed the Douro under Brazilian colours;—so soon as she crossed the bar, and was out of reach of shot, she hauled down her *neutral* flag, and hoisted the *ensign of Donna Maria.*

guese.—This schooner was sunk by two field-pieces, which a Miguelite artillery officer had purposely brought down to try, after a lapse of three months, the effect of their fire.—The Brazilian bark was called the *Fulminénsia;—her* affair was later in the day.—The fire from the *Sampaio* fort killed four men, and badly wounded the same number—two mortally.—In the evening, about five o'clock, Captain George called alongside, and begged medical assistance.—The skipper was then at dinner on board of the *Echo.* —Captain George waited on the captain, and told him that he much 'feared many men were killed and wounded on board the Brazilian bark, and therefore entreated surgical aid.'—I should tell you, at this time there was a cross fire of musketry from both banks of the river.—'Have you no surgeons of your own?' inquired our captain;—'None that I can find.'—George was a most humane man, a very religious gentleman, and a great favourite with the officers of our squadron.—'Any thing, George,' said the cap-

tain, 'in the cause of *humanity*,—but it is very hard that our medical men are to expose their lives because your's are not to be found.'—The gig, however, in charge of Mr. Hodgkinson, was despatched with Mr. Reeves, our assistant surgeon, and the surgeon of the Nautilus shortly followed.—By the time our doctors got down the greater part of the invalids had been landed and made prisoners[1] by the Miguelites.—Two unfortunate sufferers were in too dangerous a state to remove that night, one having lost a leg from the hip joint, and the other his arm, shattered in the shoulder-socket.—After doing all they could that night for them, the doctors returned on board, under a smart fire of musketry from the Miguelite piquets.—From the *Fulminénsia* to the anchorage of our squadron was upwards of two miles,—and yet, as was always his

[1] These men were conveyed over land to Lisbon, and eventually sent home.—They drew up a statement expressive of the kind treatment they received at the hands of the Royalists.—This appeared in some of the English papers;—the original document we ourselves saw.

custom, the captain had taken the precaution to apprize the Miguelite officers that the boats sent down to the *Neutral* vessel conveyed only medical men.

Ned.—But Sam, you know, 'twas just as bad the next day.

Sam.—*Worse;* for it was day-light—and there could be no excuse for such treachery.—It was on Sunday—Immediately after divisions[1], the surgeon expressed a great anxiety to take with him all the medical-men of the squadron to the Brazilian vessel—for he contemplated the necessity of two dreadful operations[2].—Our two doctors went down in the gig—We found on getting aboard of the *Fulminensia,* that with the exception of the two unfortunate objects, the wounded had been removed to the military hospital on the Royalist side;—we immediately assisted in conveying the two severe sufferers on shore—a

[1] Muster of the crew

[2] Mr. Montief, surgeon of the Orestes, performed a most successful operation on the Royalist side,—and this too when the Portuguese faculty had considered the case as hopeless.

crowd naturally gathered on the Miguelite side —and, to show you what unaccountable people are these same Portuguese, though it was *their own* wounded, and the English colours were seen flying in the boats of the squadron, the opposite batteries on the Constitutional side commenced *shelling* in the very direction of the party landing.—The surgeon of the Orestes had a narrow escape, a piece of a shell fell at his feet.

Ned.—Shellin' !—Devil such fellows for shellin' ever was seed—though, Sam, 'twixt you and I and the post—they seldom *shell*-out.

Sam.—The Portuguese you know used to call it *bomba*—but we called it '*bombast*'—However—The decayed legion considered themselves fortunate fellows to have been made prisoners in the *Fulminensia.*

Sergeant.—How so?

Sam.—It seems that though there were upwards of ninety souls on board, the Brazilian was directed to proceed to *sea* in a *shameful* state.

Sergeant.—In what way?

Sam.—As soon as the Miguelites had taken out all their prisoners, the Brazilian was left unmolested, and of course, the master was determined to proceed to sea as soon as possible.—On the Monday, our captain received an application from the *Fulminensia* requesting a supply of provisions.—"A supply of *provisions!*" said the skipper—"if they have got rid of sixty or seventy mouths, surely they can't now require provisions."—"O yes, Sir," says the bearer of the message—"we want them badly—for we have only *three* days' stook on board!"

Sergeant.—Do you mean to say, that this vessel with *ninety* souls on board, was sent to sea with only *three* days' provisions?

Sam.—I do—but it is not for me to comment on the matter.

Ned.—Well, well, Sam — do whatever we would, somehow or other we was always in reg'lar hot water—for, you see, interfering 'tween these two thund'ring Dons, was, for all the

world, like a fellor interfering 'twixt man and wife—If Bob doesn't give you a black eye—Bet's sure to leave the sign of her five fingers over your face.—Now d'ye 'members Sam, it was only five days after the Brazilian bark's business, as young Connor[1], the dingey-boy, was bulleted through the body by an old brown-coated beggar of a Miguelite behind the wall of the convent abreast of the ship.—We had a bit of a lull for a matter of four days—The skipper had been kicking up a bobbery with both sides for peppering across the river; and in course, thinking both were brought to their bearings, the first-leaftennant ventures after a stand-fast, for three months or more, to send the boson in a boat ahead to square the yards.—The boson hardly gets his three masts in one and his pipe in his mouth, afore pop goes a musket, and drops the poor boy in the bottom of the boat.—We always kept a eighteen-pound carronade on the fore-

1 It is a singular fact, that out of *five* men wounded in the British squadron—three were named Connor.

castle, and somehow or other, she was always pinted to the Miguelite side,—as much as to say —"Gemmen, don't ax me how I does, because if you do, I may answer you in a way you wont like."—This here carronade was itching to speak to the gemmen, and the skipper seemed very much inclined to ax kicking Kate to give 'em eighteen-pennyworth of talk; but somehow or other he *kept back his leg*—though I believe, had the first-leaftennant, or any officer aboard looked *that way*, Kate would have cut a caper—for you see, it was wounding a bit of a boy that set the skipper savage—A man's a man—but damme, a *boy's* a *boy*.—Well down dives the skipper to the cabin—In five minutes after he tumbles up—"Mr. D———," says he to the first-leaftennant,—"make the signal for the captain of the *Etna*."—Well the captain of the *Etna* was aboard almost before the signal was made, for you see, he seemed to smell a rat—What he told Captain Belcher I doesn't know, but I knows in less than an hour and a half, Captain Belcher brings

aboard a grey-coated gemmen (for the Miguelite officers seemed to have a great liking for grey) —Well aboard comes this great-coated gemmen making as many salems and scrapes of the foot as 'ou'd sarve in an excuse for killing, ay, half a regiment o' sogers.

Sam—Well, Ned—we must all admit that the Miguelite officers behaved well upon this occasion—for long before Captain Belcher had reached St. Ovidio, the offender had been apprehended, lodged a prisoner in the guard-house, and the general's aid-de-camp sent on board to learn the particulars of the case.—Moreover, it turned out, that General Lemos expressed himself to Captain Belcher, as determined to make an example—saying, if he did not do so, there would be no end to mistakes of inland, ignorant troops firing upon the British flag.—The general requested that an officer of our squadron might be present, to witness the punishment of the culprit.—The weather, however, being unfavourable, the

punishment was postponed to the following day —twelve was the hour appointed.—Our captain, Captain Belcher, and young Mr. Hillyer, (who carried the gig's blue ensign) rode on horses the general had especially provided.—The two captains were mounted on regular chargers—and two dragoons were appointed to escort the party to the general's head-quarters.—I followed on foot.—The general and all his staff were dressed in full uniforms, and preparations were already made for a field day —Our captains also appeared in full uniform.—We all saw there was something in the wind.

Ned.—We didn't think aboard he was going about the boy.—We all thought he was going either to make war, or demand a peace—for you see, the skippers seldom wear full togs for nothing.

Sam.—There was some delay, however, at the general's head-quarters—this was afterwards accounted for.—In fact, it had been a wet week, and the troops required more than their accustomed

time to get their rigging to rights.—How in the rainy season they managed to muster a dry jacket I can't conceive—for their camp was nothing but a cluster of rude huts, knocked up for the occasion, and not half as commodious or comfortable as the wigwams I have seen in the wilds of America.—The general, accompanied by an immense cavalcade, led our officers to the camp, about a mile distant from St. Ovidio.—The troops were all drawn up in a hollow square.—The general received the customary honours—several excellent bands playing, and no little display of military pomp.—The fat friars eyed our officers very significantly—satisfied that they were bent on mischief.—As soon as all was prepared, the prisoner, an old decrepid caçadore was marched up, and halted in the middle of the square under charge of a corporal's guard, with bayonets fixed. Every limb of the unfortunate culprit trembled like a leaf.—He appeared to me as if he expected nothing short of being shot on the spot. Our captain was seen to speak to the general—

several salams took place—shipping and unship-ping of hats, and both standing upright in their stirrups, like a couple of horse-marines. At length the general directed the prisoner to advance and throw himself on his *knees* before the captain.—Our captain motioned him to rise, observing to the general, that such an act of humiliation was never sought by an Englishman. The general made an animated speech to his troops—complimented the captain's clemency—called all the officers before him, then the sergeants, and gave both a lecture in turn.—Thus the affair ended.—The troops were highly pleased.—On our way to the camp, one met with nothing but sullen looks.—On our return to the ship, smiles were seen on every face, and *vivas* heard from every mouth.

Sergeant.—Then, of course, this produced the desired effect?

Sam.—Why, yes, for some *thirty* hours or so.—But the fact is, the Miguelites were provoked by the other party. So displeased were the con-

stitutional folks at the captain's well-timed clemency, that they appeared now, more than ever, determined to annoy us.—Nor were the Portuguese the only people who indulged in the savage delight of maiming and murdering harmless individuals.

Ned.—Why no, Sam.—Bekase if I remember right, we once or twice diskivered a batch of young *English* riflemen planted behind the casks at the Tower-de-Mark, poppin' away at black pigs, bald-pated friars, and every crawlin' cretur as comed afore the muzzle of their muskets.

Tom.—Ay, Ned—and wasn't it capital fun to see the tricks as Mogul's sogers used to play on the coiled-away chaps of the tother side.—Many an' many's the time we've seed the sentry behind the convent-wall abreast of the ship, take off his cap, and stick it on a pole, so as to make the infarnal fools on the opposite side think as they was poppin' at his pate.

Sam.—The captain used every endeavour to put a stop to the shameful and cowardly practice

of firing at solitary individuals.—The officers said it was labour in vain, but he appeared determined to persevere in his object.—And certainly his remonstrances with the authorities on both sides, were pretty sharply followed up—I have known three on the same day to have been forwarded to the royalist side; and the same number sent to that of the city.—The royalists always returned a prompt reply.—The constitutionalists seldom or ever received a message, much more acknowledged a letter.—This was proverbial, and known to every soul on board.—General Solignac, however, (the French General) sometimes used to attend to the captain's complaints, but latterly he became so much of a Portuguese, that they say he almost forgot his French politeness.

Ned.—Why, Sam, I hope you're not the man as means to say as *politeness* can never manage a mule, bekase you know the only way to manage a Portugee is to show a detarmination to be *detarmined.*

Tom.—Now, Ned, you just has it.—It would do your heart good to hear the skipper's threat-'ning hail, or see the first-leaftennant shakin' his fist at a brown-coated, black, bushy-bearded beggar of a caçadore, as he popped his pate over a nick in the wall, pinting (as the skipper used to call it) his sassinating piece at some unfortunet she-gallego [1], or fisherman's wife, walkin' along on the opposite side.—Many's the life saved on both sides of the uplifted fist of the first-leaftennant.—Why, bless your heart, Sergeant, you'd see tiers of tall pipes, casks of every size and sort, filled with sand and sod, purposely placed for poppery along the quays, and both banks of the river. Look which way you would, north or south, Mogul's side, or the city side, you'd see a brown-coated caçadore, or a cross-belted

[1] The gallego of Portugal is a sort of gentleman of *St. Giles.* A Portuguese *Paddy*, who undertakes all the heavy drudgery in trading towns. If a Portuguese be asked to carry a portmanteau or parcel, he indignantly returns—"*I'm not a gallego!*" The Gallegos are a Spanish race, and, perhaps, the most powerful and muscular men in Europe.

blanketeer [1], peeping from behind a cask, a door, a wall, or window-shutter. There you'd see 'em, ay, for hours and hours, waiting and watchin', for all the world like a whiskered-cat, to pounce upon a mouse. Come spell oh !—there's call the watch.

[1] The Oporto volunteers were so designated.

SCENE II.

Fore Hatchway.

Ned.—Wéll, are we all here?—Where's the sergeant?

Sergeant.—Here am I;—fire away.

Ned.—Talkin' o' firin', Sam, we forgot last time to tell 'em of the pepperin' the bald-pated friars gave us the day as the squadron shifted higher up the river.—'Twas bad enough to stand the poppery of a ragged rifleman, but to be peppered by a Portugee priest is more nor natur itself could stand.

Sam.—It certainly was very irritating, and the more so because the captain had taken the precaution to intimate to the Miguelite general the day, and even the exact hour, the squadron intended to take up its new position.—Moreover, the general had acknowledged and approved of the captain's notice.

Sergeant.—Why did the squadron change its position?

Sam.—For two reasons,—to avoid the fire of the *Sampaio* battery, and to secure our ships in a position of safety during the ensuing '*freshes;*' —each vessel of the squadron was towed up in turn by the *Echo* steamer; and before we rounded the point, by way of giving notice of our approach, we fired a gun, as if to enforce the signal for a pilot.—As soon as *our* ship took up her berth, close under the *St. Antonia* convent, and the barge, with a boatful of men, was conveying on shore the chain-cables and necessary stern-fasts to secure the ship—the '*Friar fu-*

sileeres,' as the captain called them, began popping at our people in the barge;—four balls entered the bow of the boat, and two or three lodged between the thawts,—luckily not a man was hit.—The captain had just left the ship in the gig, to stop a fire from the city side, so that from both belligerent gentlemen we received a complimentary salute upon our change of position.—The captain was nearly shot by a *blanketeer* from behind a cask, whilst the reverend ruffians on the other side compelled the party in the barge to return to the ship.

Ned.—Yes, Sam,—and if you 'members at the time, we'd all our guns housed fore-an'-aft to give room for working the chain-cables—though kickin'-kate on the folksel might have sent all the fat friars flying to Fidler's-green.

Tom.—I sartinly agrees with Ned, 'twas more nor natur could stand to be shot at by a bunch o' beggarly friars.—'Sposin' they'd a wounded any of our men, d'ye think as *they* were the sort

o' fellors as would 'ave sent aboard a bottle o' *Friar's* balsam?—Not they, the bunch o' beggars.

Sam.—Come, Tom; that's not so bad for *you.*

Tom.—Bad?—No, but 'twas too bad o' *they.*

Sam.—Certainly on that day the skipper's temper was put to the test.—An officer was sent to the proper authorities on both sides complaining of such unprovoked acts of aggression [1].

Bob.—There it is.—That was the time I'd a blown the beggars to blue blazes.

Sam.—No, no, you wou'dn't,—talking and acting are two different things.—The fact is, the Friars had been previously provoked by the

[1] This act of aggression was investigated by order of the Royalist general, Viscount Santa Martha.—The result was perfectly satisfactory:—a corporal of the piquet-guard was tried by a court martial, but the *corporeal* fraternity denied solemnly the alleged charge.—The minutes of the trial (written in Portuguese) were transmitted to the senior officer of His Majesty's squadron in the Douro.—This *interesting* '*interlude*' occupied upwards of fifty folio pages.—The curtain dropped with the corporal's *honourable* acquittal,—the Friars taking no part in the *Dramatis Personæ.*

'Blanketeers' on the opposite side;—and when the enraged priests perceived our ships coming up the river they mistook our vessels for part of Sartorius's squadron; and the piquets placed in the convent acted upon the mistaken authority of their spiritual advisers.

Sergeant.—After the squadron took up their position, in course you became stationary?

Sam.—The Pedroites required us three or four times to shift our berth[1],—but somehow or other we held our own.—The captain appeared desirous that our anchorage should be by both sides considered as *Neutral* ground; for

[1] On three occasions the constitutional authorities required the British squadron to change its position, and to remove to an anchorage of manifest danger.—The written replies, officially returned, expressed a perfect readiness to comply with the desire of Don Pedro's Minister of Marine, upon the especial condition, that the said minister provided a *competent* pilot to place the British squadron in a position of equal safety with that in which it was then moored.—After *three weeks'* correspondence upon the subject an official communication was at length received, intimating that there '*was no occasion for* H. B. Majesty's squadron to remove its present position.'

which reason it often became the *warmest* bight in the river.

Ned.—Sartinly it was—for if you remembers Mogul's men builds a battery over our heads to sink Sartorius's *cravats* [1].

Sam.—You are quite right, Ned—for I remember on the sixth of March, the '*Twenty-third of July*' was sunk by a solitary gun which the Miguelites had brought from the heights overhead to bear upon the brig.—The destruction of this vessel was sufficient to satisfy the Pedroites, that their opponents were beginning to improve in their artillery practice.—The '*Twenty-third of July*' was secured to the jetty on the constitutional side—in the same line with two British brigs—one close a-head of her, and the bowsprit of the other over her taffrail.—Yet such was the precision of the Miguelite fire, that the masters of the two merchantmen considered their respective positions perfectly safe.

[1] Corvettes.

Ned.—Fourteen unfortunate fellows were killed and wounded aboard the brig.

Sam.—Because the minister of marine sent an official order to her commander to defend her to the *last*,—a vessel with eighteen pound carronaders, not one of which could be elevated *half* the height required. But what could be expected from a minister of marine, who was merely a military man, and who, it was well known, was more ignorant of nautical matters than, perhaps, any other man in the town of Oporto?—He, nevertheless, was a fine gallant fellow, and had lost an arm in the service of Donna Maria.

Ned.—In course, Sam, 'twas this here Minister o' the Marines as wanted we to shift our bob—but its always the way—no good can ever come when chaps *will* try to manage matters they know *nothing* about.

Sam.—The sinking of the '*Twenty-third of July*' was followed by the sinking of four other vessels of war—but after a different fashion—for the Pedroites (to save from total destruction)

were compelled to scuttle and sink alongside the jetty, the remaining portion of the Douro squad. —They went by the name of the 'Awkward squad.'

Ned.—Yes, but Sam, they manages to get the '*Liberal*' schooner up—she as was sunk abreast of we.—You know they fits her out afresh—puts a long-Tom amidships in her, and sends her to sea in spite of Mogul's batteries.

Sam.—There was another instance of the blind stupidity of the Migs.—The '*Liberal*' was actually raised and fitted out under their very noses.—The piquet-guard abreast, with *pistols* alone, could have prevented the equipment of this vessel; but no—she was never molested.

Ned.—Never were seed such a rum set o' fellows—why, they never let fly as much as a flash at her till too late.—She left the river without a single sail bent—dropt down with the first of the *night* ebb—and was towed over the bar by two or three boats.—One of Don Sartorius's

young gemmen took her out.—In course he was a Englishman—two of his men, howsomever, lost the number of their mess.

Sergeant.—Had you no skirmishes with the troops during this period?

Sam.—March was not a very brisk month,—but on the 24th there was a tough struggle for the possession of a height called the *Antes.*—The Pedroites eventually succeeded.—They lost one or two valuable English officers.—On that day Major Sadler, and Captain Wright, were mortally wounded.—The British battalion at one time gave way—and it was with some difficulty that the cockney cads were again brought to the scratch.—It, however, is but fair to state, that at this time the poor fellows were literally half-starved, and we all know that Mister Bull can do nothing on an empty stomach.

Ned.—Yes, but Sam, as the weather got warmer, Mogul's men began to be more on the key-weeve—though I'm sartin the *fleas* were the

best friends Mister Mogul had—for 'twas *they* as kept his sogers awake.

Sam.—I think it was about the 3d or 4th of April, that the British consul received a communication from General Lemos, requesting no time might be lost in separating the British merchantmen from the shipping of Donna Maria.—I was at the Consul's office the day the letter was received.—The masters of the English merchant vessels were seen flying about the town in all directions.—Those that appeared at the Consul's office were informed that the Miguelite general had intimated his intention to use every endeavour to destroy the constitutional shipping.—This notice created a great sensation in the city.—The destruction too, of the '*Twenty-third of July*,' together with the sinking of a schooner lying alongside the wharf, close abreast of the Orestes, was taken as a timely hint, that the Miguelites were bent on mischief.

Ned.—Ay, Sam,—I think 'twas the prettiest sight I ever seed.—Every shot that struck the

craft, went right atwixt our main and mizen masts—and that too without as much as grazing a single strand aloft:—I never seed finer firing.

Sergeant.—Did the masters of the merchantmen act upon the notice of the Miguelite general?

Ned.—Act!—ay, and precious glad to get our assistance too.—At this time there was a bit of a '*fresh*' in the river—and if we hadn't taken 'em in hand not a single craft of 'em could have moved her own length.

Tom.—I knows we'd a heavy job on it—weighing all their anchors, and warping them across the river, and securing them in tiers *within* our squadron on Mogul's side—for we now took 'em all under our starboard wing.

Ned.—Ay, and this shift seemed to give terrible offence to Peter's party—The masters of all the merchantmen told us that the city chaps would sink their vessels for daring to move to Mr. Mogul's side.

Sam.—This was well known—for every ship-master in the river was aware that Don Pedro's Government had *threatened the British Consul* to *fire* 'at *any English vessel* that should attempt to take in a cargo whilst moored on the *rebel side.*'—Though bear in mind,—the cargo so shipped, could only come from the city side—the *Constitutional* side.—Previously to making a move, the ship-masters consulted with our captain upon the subject—"Take your choice, gentlemen," said the skipper—"You had all fair warning long ago to leave the river—but you well know, you all preferred remaining to serve your *friends*—your friends now contemplate treating you as *foes*—but if you ask my advice," said the skipper, "you will all move over on the Miguelite side in shore of the British squadron."—I need not say they were all glad to avail themselves of the Captain's advice, and *our* assistance in transporting their vessels across the river.

Ned.—Sam, d'ye 'members the answer one of

our officers gives to the gemman as came aboard with the message about the Pedroites' *detarmination* to fire on our merchantmen.

Sam.—Shall I ever forget it?—"Poor England!" said he with the gravest face imaginable—"what will become of her if *Don Pedro* and *Dan O'Connel declare war against her!!!*"

Sergeant.—That wasn't a bad hit.

Sam.—Hit!—It was better than a *broadside* from the whole squadron.—But the best part of the farce was, that whilst the Constitutional folk were talking big, and attempting to bully Mister Bull, they were permitting their opponents to erect a most formidable battery in front of the city.—The Miguelites, at this time, had received a supply of heavy cannon, and hundreds of gallegos, and working parties of troops were seen employed building a battery on the *Gaia Hill.* —It might have been deemed *uncivil* during a civil war to disturb the operations of the opposite party,—consequently the Pedroites permitted to be completed with impunity, this com-

manding battery.—The *Gaia* at length opened, and this battery did more mischief to the city of Oporto than all the others the Miguelites had before brought to bear upon the town—The celebrated '*John Paulo*' took his station here—not that John did so much execution as many were led to believe—for this eighty-four stone gentleman was frequently slack in stays—the twenty-four and forty-two pounders were far more *friendly* to the masons of Oporto.

Ned.—Ay, Sam, 'twas then as we used to have our *own* amusement on the fo'ksel—'Twas a common sayin' aboard to ax another "to go on deck and have a bit of Vauxall;"—For whenever the shellin' began there was always a spell of musketry—and they were sure to bombast of a fine star-light night.

Sam.—*Bombast* was the midshipmen's phrase—and bombast it certainly was—but it was well known that the Royal 'rebels' required a little *recreation*—and that the general constantly re-

sorted to the expedient of shelling the town to keep his troops in good humour, for the Miguelites were peculiarly fond of fireworks.—These Vauxhall performances were treated jocularly, because we always found that little or no mischief was done:—We have often seen as many as sixteen shells in the air at a time—and the officers on the poop would trace their descent with the greatest accuracy.—The captain and officers have been dining with the Consul when shells have been tumbling in the garden right and left of his house.—Latterly people got so accustomed to bombasting at night—that so long as the shells were not thrown with *blind* fuses, they cared little about them.

Tom.—When the shellin' was over for the night, then would begin the real fun—Both sides would open their Billingsgate batteries and begin to blackguard and abuse each other across the river in a way as 'oud fairly bang a reg'lar-built pinter.

Sam.— No, I believe the sisterhood of Sally-port never took to *speaking trumpets* to enforce their *fire.*

Sergeant.—Speaking trumpets—How do you mean ?

Sam.—Why every calm night after the termination of the '*Bombast*' and other fireworks, a *Billingsgate* farce was regularly performed, and all the *speaking* trumpets that could be mustered on the wharf were called into play,—for it would seem the wordy warriors were as anxious to save their lungs as their lives.

Tom.—As far as *jaw* went, they were the bravest fellors in the world—and we always minded the darker the night the louder the *lip.*

Ned.—The Pedroites often played a treacherous trick—They waits, you know, till they thinks there's a thick muster of the Billingsgate bunch on Mogul's side, and then they lets fly a carronade crammed with grape and canister right in the direction of the noise—Mogul's men,

howsomever, always answered it with a loud laugh—so in course, the other fellows' fire never could have *told.*

Tom.—I know both sides used to kick up such a thundering nitty with their Billingsgate abuse, that the ship's company coudn't sleep below in their hammocks.

Sam.—The Pedroites appeared to encourage this noisy abuse.—The watermen were wide awake;—under cover of this Billingsgate breeze the '*pipers*' would pull down the river, cross the bar, and frequently return with boat-loads of flour, bacalhão, and every species of supply.—At this time there were upwards of *sixty* sail at anchor off the bar, anxiously awaiting to discharge their respective cargoes[1].—The watermen were well rewarded for bringing in provisions, and consequently they had recourse to every stratagem to doubly blind their *blind* opponents.

Ned.—The stupid beggars!—The greater the

[1] On the night of the 10th of March seventy-two boats were said to have landed supplies within and without the bar.

row the night afore, the more barrels o' pork and bags o' flour were sure to be seen on the wharf the followin' morn.

Sam.—These supplies were generally landed abreast of our squadron.—Nor did the besotted Miguelites ever attempt to disturb the watermen when discharging their illicit cargoes.—We have frequently seen thirty or forty freighted mules led along the lower road as unconcerned as possible,—and as many gallegos bearing bags on their backs within pistol shot from the piquets on the opposite side.

Ned.—A pistol pop from Mogul's men would 'ave cleared the coast in a crack.

Sam.—Certainly, Ned, sooner than the boats;—for though the *pipers*, for love of lucre, attempted some desperate deeds in the dark, they seldom displayed any extraordinary acts of courage in the face of day.

Sergeant.—I can't understand them.

Sam.—*Who* can?

Ned.—Far better you didn't.

Tom.—And yet, Ned, *we* somehow or other seemed to manage 'em best.

Ned.—Bekase we never cared nothin' for neither side.

Tom.—Why, you know, we stopped their poppery across the river, ay, for nearly as much as a month.

Ned.—Ay, and both sides got so bold on it at last, that you'd sometimes see thirty or forty of Mogul's sogers either sunnin' 'emselves on the pier-head or struttin' like reg'lar-built gemmen abreast o' the ship;—though, mind ye, a little afore the same dientical chaps daren't show as much as a nose over any of the gaps of the convent wall.

Sam.—To the captain's unremitting remonstrances (though often considered to be labour in vain) may be entirely attributed the partial stop to this assassinating system.—The conduct of the Miguelite officer, the cowardly and cruel manner in which the black-bearded monster shot the poor old Oporto waterman when coming off to

the ship with a letter from the shore, was promptly represented to General Lemos.—The rifle ruffian was tried by a court martial, broke, and turned out of his regiment.—After this the river became comparatively tranquil. 'Twas really a gratifying sight to see with what confidence the ladies of Oporto took air and exercise on the wharf abreast of the ship.

Ned.—Why you know, Sam, it came to this at last—Mogul's officers used often to meet Don Pedro's gemmen aboard the different ships of the squadron.

Sergeant.—What purposely?

Ned.—I doesn't know,—but I *knows* this, they used to bundle below, and grub, and grease their mustaches together at the same table.

Sam.—They were constantly in the habit of meeting each other at dinner;—on one occasion, I know, I nearly made a hole in my manners, laughing aloud at seeing a Miguelite cavalry officer *embrace* his cousin, a major in the lancers, on the quarter-deck of the *Etna*.—Both these

officers were of noble blood, and both were known to be brave men;—for *Portuguese*, save when in each other's *arms*, they were the most military-looking men I ever saw.

Sergeant.—Did the city side discontinue their *sorties?*

Sam.—For a considerable time.—The month of June was rather a slack month;—with the exception of the daily '*bombast*' from the batteries on both sides, and the nightly supplies smuggled into the river for the constitutional party, little was done on either side.—Not so on the following month:—some warm work took place in July;—on the 5th, at noon, the Miguelites attacked in the vicinity of Lordelo, a small Pedroite post between the *Foz* and the town of Oporto.—It was said not to have been a premeditated plan of attack.—It began like a skirmish:—the constitutional troops were at dinner, and partly surprised, but they soon turned out, manned the 'lines,' and, as usual, eventually repulsed their opponents.—The constitutional loss exceeded

considerably that which appeared in the official returns.—On this day the French Colonel, *Du Vergier*, an active, brave, and experienced soldier, lost an arm;—he died a fortnight afterwards. He was very intimate with our officers, and occasionally dined in the gun-room.

Ned.—Talking o' Frenchmen, what was the name o' the French general as came out to command Mr. Mogul's army?

Sam.—General Bourmont.—His arrival created no little alarm.—He certainly began well, and went to work with a will:—however, if I had been him—(I beg your pardon, sergeant, I'm not much of a soldier,)—but had I been Bourmont I should not have let my enemy see the preparations I was making for attacking the town.—He built a battery on the heights just over the *Nautilus's* anchorage—for that vessel had some time previously dropt down the river to repeat signals with our squadron *without* the bar.

Sergeant.—I dare say he knew what he was about.

Sam.—No doubt he did.—Nor could the man who took Algiers be deemed either a *bad* general or a bad judge of a *good* thing.—However, the majority of the town's-people considered Oporto perfectly safe.

Ned.—Yes, but Sam, some o' the English marchants sent their traps aboard o' *we.*

Sam.—For security sake—and if you remember, the senior officer *without* the bar, directed a boat from each ship under his command, to be sent into the Douro—for the boats of our little squadron were not sufficient to have embarked the numerous British subjects who might have required refuge afloat in the event of the town being taken by storm.—On our part every precaution had been taken to afford such succour.—The commander of the *Echo* having the best and most roomy accommodations, prepared his vessel for the reception of females.—One family had

already embarked.—The Nautilus and Orestes were ready to receive gentlemen.

Ned.—Yes, and we all knows what thanks the skipper got for his pains.

Sergeant.—The English community, of course, were satisfied?

Sam.—I do not know whether they were so or not.—The English in Oporto never pull together.—They are divided in two parties—the '*Ins*,' and the '*Outs*.'—The '*Ins*' were often *out* in their reckoning—and the '*Outs*' as often *in* the wrong box.—In fact, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to have pleased individually the English in Oporto.—But after all the precautionary trouble the captain had taken to afford succour to his countrymen, in the event of need, it was not like *English* gentlemen to abuse him for his pains, behind his back—for several asserted that he only wanted to create a *panic* in the town [1].

[1] This fabricated tale reached the Royal ear, and the ex-emperor had the good taste, in the public streets, to interro-

Sergeant.—When did General Bourmont attack the town?

Sam.—On the 25th, exactly at six in the morning.—For two or three days before, there were opportunities most favourable for a sudden attack—the morning fogs were extremely dense—as thick as buttermilk.

Sergeant.—I suppose he was not prepared.—But it required no great preparation.—Though, to be sure, he was the first to make the Miguelites attack in column.—They came on uncommonly well—that was by all admitted.—Their cavalry

gate the calumniated party on the point.—'His Majesty' was mounted, and perceiving the libelled individual at the window of the British consul, he motioned him to descend.—The 'accused' in a second was in the presence of royalty.—The colloquy thus ran, though in the French language.

"So, Sir, I understand you have been recommending the British merchants to embark—and that you have been endeavouring to create a panic in the town?"

"Your Majesty must not believe *all* you hear in Oporto.—Your Majesty may remember the tale of the one hundred barrels of gunpowder sold to Don Miguel—and———." The sentence was here cut short by an abrupt "*Bonjour, Monsieur,*" and a spur into the side of 'His Majesty's' mare.

attempted the rashest act that was ever tried.—They charged the lines, and several of their horses dropped with their riders in the enemy's trenches.—The advance column gave way four different times—and each time renewed and again led on.—Had they persevered the fourth, time, they must inevitably have taken '*Lordillo*,' and cut off the '*Foz*.'—But Portuguese are Portuguese.—They must have their stone wall in front—and, in this way, the Pedroites beat their opponents.

Ned.—But, Sam, how they *did* send the shells tumbling about we—why, they were bursting over us, and tumbling alongside as thick as peas in a pan.—The *Echo* that morning had a narrow escape.—And if we hadn't hove a-head the time as we did, we should have had a sixteen inch beggar right aboard us.—Let's see, they began at six in the morning, and they didn't knock off till noon.—Six hard hours' work.—I'd like no better fortune than the price o' the powder expended that day.

Sam.—And yet there was not a quarter of the number that fell on the 29th of September.

Ned.—The Pedroites expected as Mogul's troops on the south side would have crossed the river in boats.

Sam.—Yes, you know, they wanted us to shift our berth. It was reported in the town that a flotilla of boats was collecting on the south side, for the purpose of conveying Lemos's division across the river;—that there were to be *three* points of attack, two on the lines from the north, and one from the south on the water side, and that a Miguelite division was to embark under the lee of the British squadron.—The latter part of this improbable rumour, as usual, procured for us an official notice to *quit*[1]; but we held our own.

[1] The constitutional authorities required the British squadron to shift its position, and to take up an appointed anchorage, more exposed to a cross-fire than perhaps any other that could have been selected in the river.—The reason assigned for the desired, though by no means *desirable* move, was, '*apprehension*

Ned.—In course we did.—How were Mogul's men to *embark* abreast o' *we?*—What, drag boats through a thick wood,—what a know-nothin' lubberly set.

Sam.—Had we taken up the required anchorage we should have dearly paid for our pains.—This was, under the '*Arabade hill*' directly in the face of two of the heaviest forts the Miguelites had brought to bear upon their principal points of attack.

Sergeant.—I suppose, as usual, the British troops bore the brunt of Bourmont's attack[1]?

for the *safety* of His British Majesty's *ships!!*'—The same authorities evinced no such anxiety on the morning of the 17*th of December.*—The senior officer of the British squadron saw no *reason* to move, or to be in any way *moved*, by the tender sympathies of Donna Maria's Minister of Marine.

[1] The following is extracted from a work recently published, entitled "*The British Battalion at Oporto,*" by Corporal Knight, late in the service of Donna Maria.

"The Miguelites had now got General Bourmont and a great parcel of French officers to lead them, and having collected all their forces close to our position, gained the key to the town from the river, and consequently what the enemy were most anxious to get a hold of, and for which they tried, on the 25th of July, most determinedly.

Sam.—No—compared with the 29th of September, their loss was comparatively little.—The

I was in the heat of some of the fight, but, from my lameness, not being able to run from one place to another, I can only describe a part of it.

While at breakfast we heard the piquets engaged, and starting up, saw immense masses driving them in, and carrying fascines and ladders before them, and at the same time all the enemy's batteries poured round shot in among us.

We were driven from our barracks, and were retreating up a lane, when Colonel Shaw, who had been placing and leading other parties on the Foz road, came galloping up on his mule, —'What are you at, men? Right about face—charge.'

We wheeled round, and drove them again through the barracks and out of the garden, our bagpipes screeching notes of defiance all the time.

I think the Miguelites never fought so well as they did this day, and it was just touch and go, that they did not get the better of us. The fight continued, at regular hand to hand work, till the evening, when the Migs and their bragging Frenchmen had to retire, having lost many men, as we ourselves also did, and among others Colonel Cotter and his nephew. My old captain, for a wonder, got through it all without more than a scratch on the cheek; and a queer figure he was for a commanding officer, with his shaggy red whiskers and beard, his blue jacket, red cloth cap with blue tassel, and long pole in his hand—his usual dress when here.

The same night I went back to Oporto, and returned the next day to Lordelo, to have a look at the fields and places where they had been fighting.

It was clear there had been a regular set to, and that the

Scotch were at one time hard prest, and the Irish brigade came in for its share of shelling.—Colonel Cotter was killed at the *Foz*, and his son or nephew lost his leg.

Sergeant.—How were the Pedroites off for surgeons?

Sam.—Very badly.—On this account the surgeons and assistants of our squadron daily attended the hospitals.—In so doing, they constantly exposed their lives.—But what thanks got they for it?—*None.*—Nor did the constitutional authorities appear to take the least interest about the wounded English.—Our packets constantly brought from Lisbon bags of lint and every description of hospital stores; but they

grape and big guns had been in full play, judging from the immense number of killed of our own side, but especially of the Miguelites.

"In some places great lots of them were lying huddled together, and one great fat fellow, with legs as thick as a man's body, I saw standing jammed up by a round shot between a wall and a tree. Some were terribly smashed by bars of iron two feet long, which we had let off among their heavy columns."

never would send for them: unless carried up to the consul's office they might have remained on board for months.—Many's the bag of lint I've taken on my back to the town.—As for the English hospital, the less we say of it the better.—Indeed, it was quite a toss-up which exceeded each other in *filth*—the French or British troops.—And yet the English are for ever calling the Portuguese a filthy people.

Ned.—Why, Sam—you can't say as they are the *cleanest* chaps in the world.

Sam.—By no means.—But I may safely say that the dirtiest troops employed in Don Pedro's service, came from the two great capitals of Europe.—The English latterly began to brush-up a little, and the Irish turned out tolerably well. —I only speak of the infantry.—The Lancers were well clad, but miserably mounted.—Colonel Bacon used to knock 'em about in capital style.—He seemed to be an excellent *drill* —spared no one—and would blow up his own brother as soon as any body else.—He certainly

was not long in giving the lancers a soldierly look.

Sergeant.—Soldiers are not to be made in a day.

Ned.—Why you see, Sergeant, they hadn't the pipe-clay. To make a clean soger, you mustn't be sparin' o' dirty dust.

Tom.—I say, Sam, wasn't it about this time as Mister Mogul loses his fleet—the time as Charley wapped 'em?

Sam.—Yes—and well our ears knew it. The jarring and clashing of bells was positively stunning.—There was also a grand military mass performed in the Lapa church, though it might be more properly called a *mass of military*—for the church was literally crammed with troops of every nation, and uniforms of every cut and colour.—But the most striking sight of all was—the numerous *Portuguese* naval-officers that were to be seen parading the streets—not *Englishmen*, mind ye—but *Portuguese!*—On this day, any other men would have kept out of sight; but it

was the only time for many months the greater part of these heroes had seen day-light.—For eight or nine months before, they might have done much in the Douro; but no, the English officers in the Constitutional service, had to perform all the dangerous, and I might add, dirty work of the river.—It was really farcical to see the manner in which these heretofore *hidden* heroes strutted the streets, with all sorts of orders and ribbons stuck in their breasts. "Where the devil," says one of our officers—breaking out in a loud laugh of astonishment at seeing such an extraordinary muster of naval officers—"where have all *these* fellows sprung from?—Why, they've never seen day-light during the whole of the siege! and for what are they so bedizened in *stars* and *ribbons?*—*I* don't remember any Portuguese *First of June*—any *Camperdown*—any *Nile*—*Trafalgar*—*Algiers*—or even a *Navarino!*" After this gala-day, we seldom saw these fellows again—not even in their borrowed plumes.

Tom.—Mister Mogul now began to lag to 'loo'ard—for you know the fall o' Lisbon follows the loss of his fleet.

Ned.—I only wonder the news didn't turn the man mad.

Sam.—The Miguelites couldn't be brought to believe either. The capture of the fleet they treated as a farce, but when you talked of the fall of Lisbon, they fairly laughed outright.

Ned.—Howsomever they soon diskivered 'twas no laughin' matter. But they desarved it all—there wasn't a *man* among 'em.—If I'd been Mister Mogul, I'm blest if I wouldn't 'ave beat up for a reg'lar-built she-general at Sally-port stairs. Any petticoat pinter would 'ave commanded his army better nor the big *he* yellow-hided chaps as did. I'm blow'd if 'Black Sal' wou'dn't 'ave managed better nor the *best* man he had.

Sergeant.—I suppose they now turned their thoughts towards Lisbon?

Ned.—Ay, and their *tail* to Oporto.

Sam.—Yes, they were now compelled to raise the siege—Bourmont's failure was a failure indeed!—*Why* he gave up the command of the river appears quite unaccountable.

Ned.—But the beggars were so long in making a move.

Sam.—They had enough to think of.—In the first place it was no joke to remove their heavy artillery; and secondly, leaving behind such an enormous store of wine at Villa Nova, was rather a sore subject.—In fact, they could not *do* so—terms were proposed to prevent the destruction of a property which chiefly belonged to their own party—(the *Douro Company*—for the majority of the Company were Miguelites)—our ship was made a complete half-way house for the reception of *term*-makers and messengers from both sides.

Ned.—Ay, we ought to have stuck up the sign of "*The Pipe-o'-port.*"

Sam.—With "good *entertainment for man and horse.*"—Every hour of the day dragoons were

riding down with dispatches, hailing the ship for a boat—or French secretaries coming on board all froth and fire, and assuring the captain the wines would be blown-up if the Pedroites were deaf to their terms.

Ned.—D' ye 'members, Sam, the Garman Baron!—He was the only cool man among 'em.

Sam.—He was a very active man—he seemed as if he never slept—for upwards of a fortnight, he visited the ship at all hours of the night as well as day, and appeared most anxious to prevent the destruction of so much valuable property. Of course *we* were not aware of the terms proposed [1]—but there appeared to be a

[1] On this topic the English public has been most egregiously misled. Many negociations were entered into on the part of the Royalists previously to raising the siege of Oporto, having for their object the preservation from destruction of so immense and valuable a stock of wine. It was manifestly the interests of the Miguelites (the majority of whom were considerable shareholders in the *Altro Douro* Company, to whom the stock belonged) that the wine should either be shipped and sent to England for sale, or be otherwise secured from injury. —But as this object failed, owing to the suspicion and jealousy of both belligerents, no course remained but to destroy a pro-

deal of unnecessary *talk* and letter writing. During this war of wine, our midshipmen were positively little better than *Twopenny-post-boys*, and the skipper *Post-Master-General.*

Ned.—Why, you know, Sam, they *did* make us at last a *post*-ship.

Sam.—We have sometimes seen General *Saldanha*—the British consul—Baron De-Haber, and all the big-wigs on both sides, closeted in the captain's cabin.—But, of course, their talk was all *talk*, for the wines were blown up.—The people of Oporto always laughed at the threat—said it was all '*sham-Abraham*,' to get time to allow their troops to retreat.—The day before the wines were destroyed, a French officer came on

perty, which should it have fallen into the possession of the Constitutionalists, would, in all probability, have decided the fate of the war against the former—inasmuch as the sale of the wine might have produced, at the least calculation, between 2 and 300,000*l.* — The Constitutional party never could be brought to believe that the Royalists would have nerved themselves to this act of destruction; their invariable reply to every assurance that the explosion would certainly take place, was "*They dare not do it!*"

board, and stated that the wines were to be 'blown up at one o'clock.'—It was then about six bells [1] in the forenoon watch.—Baron Haber was on the quarter-deck.—The gig was instantly manned, and the captain hastened up to the town.—He found General Saldanha in council with some individuals of the Douro company.—I was desired to wait and to bring back a note to the Baron aboard.—I reached the ship at twelve exactly—and the Baron despatched the French officer to the Miguelite camp.—No explosion took place.—We began now to suspect that the threat was only a bit of *French* swagger.—About seven in the evening, a Portuguese colonel came on board.—The consul was sent for—and another *council* of *wine* was held—and by the manner of the Portuguese colonel it was plain that *nothing* was then decided.—Well, on the following forenoon, another Frenchman arrived on board to ascertain whether the Pedroites had

[1] Eleven o'clock, A.M.

come to any decision—for that at one o'clock, the wines would be *positively* blown up.—The captain bolted to the town as fast as foot could follow, for it was now past seven bells [1], and no time was to be lost.—The captain met General Saldanha coming out of the door of the British consul's house.—He assured the general that the French officer had solemnly declared the wines would be blown up at *one*—The general replied that he could do no more—that the commissioners of the Douro company had decided not to treat with their enemies.—"But don't *you* believe," added the general, in a marked manner, "that they will dare to destroy a drop?—'Tis all *talk* —I know my countrymen *better* than you!"—"The destruction of the wines," said the captain, "is entrusted to other hands.—Believe me, the Frenchman *will now* put his threat into execution.—He is a *foreigner*, recollect—an adventurer, and has no interest in the salvation of

[1] Half-past eleven, A.M.

a drop."—"It will all end in *smoke*," returned General Saldanha, speaking the best English of any foreigner I ever heard.—The captain then ascended the stairs to the consul's office—it was nearly one o'clock.—The captain had left word with the *first*-lieutenant, that if he did not hear from him before half-past twelve, he might conclude matters were not arranged.—About twenty *minutes* after one the wines were *blown up*.—The report of the explosion was comparatively nothing to what might have been expected;—it was like the *pop, pop, pop,* of a school-boy's *squib;* but the volumes of smoke and flames that followed soon told a terrible tale;—the door of the consul's office was crowded, and many of the English merchants had already put their signatures to a paper which was termed a '*protest.*'—Our captain took Colonel Bacon's horse, and desired me to follow him to the *Virtudes* Battery:—the British Consul had also left his office to look at the fire.—From the direction of the wind, the English wines were in imminent

peril—Mr. Omerod's 'Lodge' was already on fire—Mr. Sandimands crossed over from Villa Nova, and now informed the consul, in the presence of the captain, that he apprehended Mr. Omerod's wines would be entirely destroyed. —The captain said something to the consul;—the reply of the latter I lost, but the captain returned, '*I'll take the responsibility all upon myself*,' and galloped away to Colonel Bacon's stable.—He then proceeded direct on board, and made the signal for Lord George Paulet and the commander of the *Echo*;—two guns were fired in quick succession to enforce the signal, to draw attention, and to recal all officers on board.

Ned.—Yes, for some of the officers landed to look at the fire.

Sam.—We instantly beat to quarters, and made every preparation for extinguishing the *fire*;—hatchets, crow-bars, coils of rope, fire-buckets, and every thing considered serviceable were now collected.—The blue-jackets were each armed with a cutlass and pistol, and the marines

with their own muskets.—Lord George Paulet had been already despatched to *St. Ovidio* to apprize the Miguelite general of our intention to land to rescue from destruction the British property in peril.

Ned.—We bargains aboard for a bit of a *breeze*—didn't we, Sam?

Sam.—Some did;—but the captain was determined there should be no *mistake*, and that every man fore-and-aft should clearly understand our object in landing.

Ned.—Why, yes,—bekase, you know, after all was mustered, he makes us a bit of a speech.—We was all called aft,—'My men,' says he, 'this here's a series affair,—and if I didn't think I could place confidence (that was the word, wasn't it, Sam?)—if I couldn't place confidence in every man among ye, I wouldn't,' says he, 'attempt to land.—We're placed,' says he, 'atwixt *two* fires,—but still,' says he, 'I feels it *my* duty to put out the *third*.—Now,' says he, 'I've only three things to press on your minds—keep *sober*,

keep *silent*, and remember this, we're not goin to provoke *a fight*, but to put out *a fire*.—I feels confident,' says he, comin' over us, you know, with a bit o' gammon, 'I feels sartin sure I shall have never no reason to find fault with a single soul;—and what's more,' says he, slappin' his hand on the capstern head—'I'm sartin sure I shan't be deceived. And now,' says he, 'man the boats.'—Well, you know, after bein' eleven months confined aboard, the thoughts of touchin' the sod, and the *chance* of a bit of a *skrimmage*, makes us all feel as light as larks.—Whilst the boats were manning, the skipper lands abreast o' the ship, and up he goes to the officer commandin' the Miguelite picket—and warns him o' what we was goin' to do.—He then makes the leaftennant of the picket examine his men's muskets, and axes him to be in readiness to pilot us up to the next guard.—Well, we all lands—draws up soger-fashion on the pier-head—the skipper at the head of all with two blue ensigns on boat-hook staffs, flyin' a-head an' starn of our

long line.—'Twas a swelterin' hot day, and the skipper kept us in what he tarmed a double-quick trot all the way up the hill.—Well, we passes two or three pickets—and as fast as we passes, they musters under arms, as if to be in readiness to stop our return.—Didn't they, Sam?

Sam.—Yes, but we had other difficulties to contend with, which we were not altogether prepared to expect.—We could hardly have imagined the Pedroites from Oporto would have peppered us with musketry, or that the *Serra* would have opened on us round and grape.—The captain was compelled to despatch two young gentlemen from the south side with a verbal remonstrance to General Saldanha.—The reply, as usual, was a mere matter of *mistake.*—We were '*taken* for Miguelites.'

Ned.—Taken for Miguelites?—I say, Bob—d'ye think *I* has much the *look* of a *Portuguee?*

Sergeant.—I suppose the marines were in their proper uniform.

Ned.—Sartinly, they were reg'larly rigged in

red.—And moreover, when the ragged ruffins was firin' at we, our blue ensign was flyin' from the roof of Mr. Omerod's lodge.

Sergeant.—I wonder some of the English merchants did not exert themselves to prevent the Pedroite fire.

Sam.—Why, one would have thought so, especially as it was for *their* port,—we were running the risk of spilling *our* claret.

Sergeant.—It must have been a grand sight.

Sam.—The scene is not to be described.—Wine and brandy in boiling and flaming torrents were running in rapid streams down the different lanes leading to the destroyed lodges.—It was impossible to approach the scalding vapour floating in the air.—We were, therefore, compelled to walk, or rather run a round of nearly three miles to get in the rear, as well as to windward of the fire.—Fortunately there was a well of water in the rear of the wines—for the boiling flood prevented any approach to the river's side.—It was nigh five o'clock before we got

well to work.—The mărines were drawn up under arms to keep order, and, a *good look-out*—and those of the blue jackets who were not working on the roof of the lofty lodge, were stationed in two divisions, passing buckets of water from one to the other.—We had no engine.—We borrowed one from the town, but it was too cumbrous to carry over land.—A midshipman in the barge attempted to take it up the river, but the hot fire, and hotter *flood*, compelled him to return to the ship.—The roof of Mr. Omerod's lodge was composed of wood, tiled over.—At one time it was proposed to knock it in.—Our artificers had top-mauls and crow-bars ready for the purpose; but the captain and carpenter ascending the top of the store, decided otherwise,—and luckily they did.

Tom.—In all my born days *I* never seed such a sight.

Ned.—Why, there was only the *one* wall atwixt the store as was blow'd-up and Mr. Omerod's wine.—I doesn't know how many thousand

pipes were blown away—but I'm blest if you could see a single stave afore we left.

Sam—Singular to say, though Mr. Omerod's large portion of wine was only separated from the several thousands blown up by the partition of a solitary wall, not as much as a pint of the English gentleman's *port* was ever *touched*.

Ned.—That's the *truest* word you ever spoke.

Sergeant.—It must have been an awful sight.

Sam.—I never had a *notion* of the infernal regions before.—The yawning gulf of fire and flood, looking down from the roof of Mr. Omerod's lodge, was almost too much for human eye —and every moment, as the tiles of the roof gave way, I expected our men would have fallen headlong into the flames.—And yet, in the middle of our troubles, we *had* our jokes,—Pat Flin amused both officers and men.—"Oh, murder!" says he, when he first got sight of the boiling torrents which were fast discolouring the river—"Oh, murder! if it doesn't bate the *Red* Saã.—Well, at any rate they can't say they

havn't brought both their big rivers to *Rhyme* —for if they've their river *Tagus*, they've now their river *Nagus!*"

Sergeant.—Then you saved *all* Mr. *Ramrod's* wine?

Sam.—We saved for Mr. *Ramrod*, as you call him, the *small* trifle of *a hundred thousand pounds!!!*—But—

Sergeant.—'But,'—but what?

Sam.—Return Ramrods, and say no more.

Sergeant.—Then you did not attempt to save Portuguese property?

Sam.—Certainly not.—As it was, we had a little work with the French general.—The fun began as the *business* was ending.

Sergeant.—How so?

Sam.—Just as we had nearly got under the fire, the French general despatched an *aid-de-camp* to say he wished to speak to the captain.—The captain returned for answer, that he could not leave his post;—the general knew where to find *him*.—At length Lord George

Paulet arrived, and acquainted the captain that the general insisted on seeing him, and had dismounted from his horse for that purpose.—The captain had been working on the top of the store.—I had just time to hand him his hat and jacket as the general arrived.—The Frenchman was rather a rough hand, and appeared in a devil of a rage.

Ned.—We all saw there was a bit of a breeze a-brewin';—moreover, neither side began with bowin' and scrapin'.—The Frenchman first opens his fire on the skipper:—but, Sam 'ill tell ye—

Sam.—"Why, Sir, do you thus come *armed?*" said the general, frothing at the mouth. "For the express purpose of saving from destruction British property."—"Why, Sir, I repeat, do you come *armed?*"—"It is the practice of the British service—and I should do the same were I to land for the same purpose in an English sea-port town."—"You had no right to land *armed*, Sir."—"By coming armed, Sir, I shall be enabled to extinguish this fire,—and *you* ought to be the

first to *thank* me for the trouble I have taken.—As a military man, your character, Mons. Baron *Clouet*, is at stake."—"I am *not* Baron *Clouet*, Sir; *I* am the Count D'Almar.—Why did you land *armed*, Sir?"—"Come, Sir," returned the captain, "this is no time for trifling—what do you require?"—Lord George Paulet here interposed:—his Lordship, we heard, had previously had a set-to with the general at *St. Ovidio*[1].—"What do you *want?*" asked the captain, in a marked and determined tone.—"You *shall see;*—I have *five* thousand men under arms in the rear."—"Well, what of that?"—"You *shall see.*"—The skipper, in fact, could get nothing from the general but '*you shall see.*'—"Well, Sir," says the captain, "if you mean to insinuate that you are about to make us prisoners, I promise you you will not find it so easy a matter."—"A

[1] His lordship had the *gratification* to see many mules harnessed to a heavy park of artillery, and only waiting the word "*March*" to *play* upon the *Nautilus*, the vessel he commanded.

tougher task than he may imagine," said Lieut. Otway of the *Echo*. At this moment, without orders, I handed the captain his sword, and the sergeant of marines, perceiving the skipper buckle his belt, and hearing something of *prisoners*, gave the word to his party to '*fix bayonets.*'—The rattle of the steel seemed to shake the general's nerves;—he appeared to us as if he was apprehensive that talking of prisoners, we were going to turn the tables on him.

Sergeant.—Was your sergeant of the *Plymouth* division?

Sam.—He might be for aught I know—but his '*fixed bayonets*' seemed to bring the Frenchman to his bearings, and to something more than '*you shall see!*'—A Portuguese officer of cavalry with whom the captain had been previously acquainted, now stept forward, and acquainted the skipper that the general only required the *marines* to return on board—the seamen might remain on shore.—The captain assenting, directed Lord

George Paulet to march the marines away—"Right about face, march!" cried the sergeant—"Halt!" said the general.—"What's in the wind *now?*" said the skipper—"*Now*, Sir," said the Frenchman, "since you have complied with my request, your marines may *remain* where they are."—"Pray, Sir," said the captain, "is it rational, at a time so valuable a property is in danger of being destroyed, to be disputing on points of *etiquette?*"—"You may now," said the general, "land whenever you like."—And here ended this comical confab.—It was near nine at night before we reached the ship.—With the exception of Mr. Ingram, one of our mates, who fell down from over fatigue in an apoplectic fit, and whom we were compelled to leave that night behind, not a single accident occurred, nor was a single complaint alleged against any individual in the squadron.—The Miguelites raised the siege and marched off.—On the 20*th* the Douro was again open, and vessels were tumbling in every tide.

Our work was now over—the ship was ordered home—and on the 18*th* of September 1834, we departed the Douro, after an *enviable* service of twelve months and two days.

THE END.

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